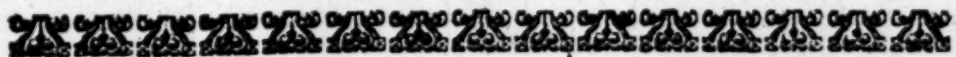


11104 THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
IOSEPH:  
A  
POEM.



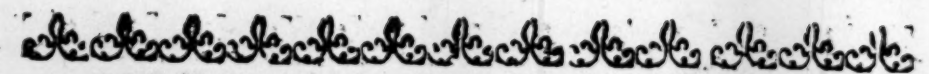
Written by Sir *Thomas Salusbury*,  
Barronet, late of the Inner Temple.



L O N D O N,

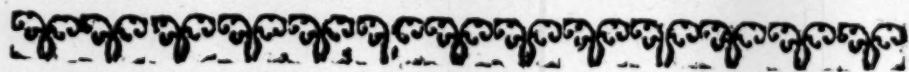
Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Roger Ball*, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the signe of the Golden Anchor  
in the Strand, neere Temple-Barre,

1 6 3 6.



**P***erlegi hunc librum, cui titulus (the  
life of Joseph, &c.) in quo nihil  
reperio sanæ fidei, aut bonis moribus con-  
trarium.*

**Tho. Weeks, Epis. Lond. Cap. domest.**







TO  
MY HONOURED  
Grand-mother, the L A D Y  
*Middleton,*

Late Wife to the right Worshipfull  
Sir *Thomas Middleton* Knight  
and *Alderman*, somtimes  
*Major* of the City of  
L O N D O N.

*Honour'd Madam,*



Have now unto your  
Ladiships acceptance,  
and the worlds censure,  
adventured these unripe  
fruits of a forced Muse;  
which

## *The Epistle*

which if you shall accept (as they are truly meant) in witnesse how ready an observer I am of your commands, I shall (arming my self with patience and humility the hand-maids of obedience) humbly submit and patiently resolve to bear all just blame the world may lay upon my rudenes (however your Ladiship will be able to excuse) the betraying so worthy a subject to so weake a verse. It shall suffice mee that the world take notice, that my endeavours are only ambitious, to satisfie the ingagements, whereby your Ladiships love hath obliged me unto you: by none so paraleld as by that of *Iacob* to his Grand-children: who made *Ephraim* and *Manasses*, (as *Iudah*, and *Simeon*) his owne. The like from my youth hath beene your care and tenderneffe over me, which I have no  
way

*Dedictory.*

way to requite but by my thankful-  
nesse, respect and obedience to your  
commands. In observance whereof I  
commend this Poem to your patro-  
nage, and my self to do you service.

*Your dutifull Grand-child,*

**Thomas Salusbury.**



January  
I have the honor to acknowledge  
the receipt of your letter of the 10th  
inst. and in obedience to your  
command I have the honor to  
acknowledge the receipt of your  
letter and my self to do you service.

Your obedient servant

Thomas Salisbury.





To the Noble Barronnet, Sir THOMAS  
SALUSBURY, upon his Ioseph.

**I** Must commend thy judgement, that could chuse  
A subject, so well fitted to thy Muse;  
That they adorne each other; that they share  
In equall glory: that thy Ioseph dare  
(And without danger) thus himselfe expose  
To th' envy of his friends, as well as foes,  
And (Confident of thy iust merit) slight  
His Brethrens malice, and the Ismaelite.  
Nay, thinke his time in Seruitude well spent,  
Since now he is become thy Argument.  
Whereby he is advanced farre above  
What Ægypt could afford, or Pharoh's love.  
So happily thou hast exprest his worth,  
And in such lively colours set him forth,  
That Putiphars wife is blamelesse: all confesse  
There was no guilt in her lasciviousnesse.  
And had that love sick Lady us'd the Arte  
Which thy well languag'd Courtship doth impart  
Vnto her in this story: the assault  
Had conquer'd Ioseph, and excus'd the fault;  
The charme had beene so forcible, that he  
Must with his Cloake, quit his humanity:

Or

*Or condescend, or had his Mistresse read  
This Poem; and observ'd how thou dost plead  
For thy chaste Ioseph, in as chaste a rime,  
In Detestation of so foule a Crime.  
She had abhor'd her selfe, and lou'd him more  
For's vertue now, then for his face before.  
So potent is thy verse: it doth suppress  
And quench all looser flames of wantonnesse;  
And kindle in our breasts and cold desires,  
New heate reviv'd by thy Promethean fires.  
Be that thy sole reward, and doe not weigh  
The Censure of the world. Some will inveigh,  
Some will commend: but most proclaime by me,  
They envy Ioseph, that detract from thee.*

D. L L. Dr. I. C.

**A** *S Iosephs* Brethrens sheaves did all obay  
Young *Iosephs* strait and lofty sheafe, so may  
All other Poets not alone rehearse  
Thy prayes, but doe homage to thy verse.  
Not blasted with those Criticks breaths, who spit  
Malice: and throw thy *Ioseph* in the pit  
Of Envy; making their dull braines the Well  
To drowne thy fame, whose shallow pates excell  
Poore *Iosephs* Well for emptinesse: the pit  
Wanted not waters, as their heads doe wit.  
Some will be apt to say (when first 'tis knowne,  
Thy Muse doth bud) the Rose is over-blowne,  
The subject's stale: it is not good to see  
Men play and dally with Divinity.  
Thus will those Critickes talke, were but thy vaine  
Such as descended from a love-sicke braine.  
O that were rare, and excellent! how fine  
Were those thy verses, were they not divine?

## When



Whene're thy *Ioseph's* sold unto such wights,  
There's *Ioseph* sold unto the *Ismaelites*.  
But since thy Muse of Chastity doth sing,  
Thy *Ioseph* may finde favour with the King.

*T. Bayly, artium Magister.*





**I**F newes of Ioseph's death o're Iacob have  
Such forch, to bring his gray haire's to the grave  
With sorrow, sure with joy my tidings must  
As powerfull be, to raise him from the dust:  
Then Iacob rise and know thy darling Sonne  
Is yet alive; his glory but begunne,  
Then when thou left'st him was: he now is more  
A Favourite, then e're he was before.  
Not Pharoh's selfe, nor all the Sonnes of Nile  
Have so much grac'd him as thy lofty stile,  
My friend hath done: he in thy verse shall be  
Ev'n as in heav'n, above Mortalitie.  
O how divin's thy Muse then that can blesse,  
And adde to Saints departed happinesse.

Io. Salusbury, Sen.

*In Authorem, & Librum.*

**I** Know it's worth yet will I not commend  
Thy Book, I do not love to prayse my friend  
Unlesse some foule Detraction I should heare,  
Of him, or his; else to commend him were  
In friendship as absurd; as should I write  
Strong Arguments to prove that snow is white.  
Nor will I yet admire thy work, to mee  
It is a thing not strange at all to see,  
That what thou dost is excellent I know,  
Thy self art absolute, and thy works are so:  
Yet mayst thou meet some Censurers too unkind,  
But pity them, who punishment shall find  
Enough in their own error: they condemne  
Thy work, whilst better judgments laugh at them.

*Io. Salusbury Jun.*



To my ever honour'd Sir T. S:  
Barronet, upon his  
*Josepb.*

**S**O the sweet singer did of Israel use,  
In holy Layes to exercise his Muse:  
Praying his God, for wonders in the Land  
Of Egypt by his servant Moses hand.  
Then with Gods mercies sweetly closing there,  
The soule at once he ravish't, and the ear.  
But so long since is that, that there be those,  
Make scruple yet whether in Verse or Prose,  
The Prophet wrote, as if a measur'd line  
Were more unfit to treat of things divine.  
Such heretiques of Poetry by chance,  
Will in their censure shew their ignorance  
Of this thy labours worth, when they shall hold  
It as a fruitlesse work, if not a bold:  
Deeming the sacred flames that thus inspire  
Thy brests with holy raptures, a strange fire.  
And count thee as prophane, that dar'st rehearse,  
The majestie of Scripture in a Verse.  
Whilst men of abler judgments, that descry  
This last worst ages curious nicety

b 3

Such



Such, that Gods sacred word, the heavenly bread  
Of life, by most is dully relished,  
Vnlesse in oyle or honey dipt, they know,  
He whom the holy Ghosts first penman so  
Extolled, as the type of Christ, and square  
Of vertues, for all graces singular;  
Had slept the subiect of our coy neglect,  
As buried in the Scribes grave dialect:  
And Iosephs goodnesse, such, some few alone  
Professors, and Precisians had knowne;  
Had not thy bounteous Muse thus set him forth  
In fashionable garbe, to speake his worth  
In moderne tone; now by thy helpe he may  
Converse with Courtiers, in a Coat as gay  
As er'st his Father made him; he may kisse  
Each coy Ladies hand, nor can he misse  
Admission, or audience to tell  
His story to the best, or worst; so well  
He charmes attention: by his sweet and smooth  
Expressions, so pathetically soothes  
His hearers to receiue his sugred pils,  
Whil'st at their ravish't eares and eyes he instils  
His modesty into their soules; and so  
Doth Ioseph's story told' mongst high and low,  
With greater efficacy, vertue teach,  
By's paterne, then best precepts we can preach.  
In briefe, I iudge thy Poem to be such,  
So good, so pleasant, that I dare avouch,  
The reader that no profit reapes by it,  
Or pleasure, hath nor piety, nor wit.  
Hold on this godly course, thy talent spend  
By tickling thus our eares, our heart; to mend.

And



*And when thy budding Springs, spare houres bring forth  
Such fruit, how great shall be thy harvests worth,  
When thy green youth could so exactly trace  
Good Iosephs' perfect wayes; well may thy grace  
In riper yeares, as his recorded be,  
A Mappe of vertues to posterity.*

T. LL. artium Magister.

C

2



*Upon the Author unknown, and his*  
**I O S E P H.**

**I**F fittesse be a Poems excellence,  
When to the Subject, Stile combines  
with sense,  
Where lofty matter, lofty lines doe  
swell,  
Where lowly Theames, low words doe paralell;  
When under shadowed phrase, doth couched lye  
Sometimes a smile, sometimes a mystery :  
Still keeping chaste to chaste, and high to high,  
Glossing close secrets still with secresie.  
Then top of wit and masterpiece of skill,  
I here discover from a knightly quill.  
For in these sheets here swaddled up, I spi'd  
The new borne *Ioseph* from his dust reviv'd :  
And from the Presses reaking leaden wombe,  
I saw so faire an Hebrew Of-spring come,  
So modest, chaste, so *Ioseph*-like it seem'd,  
As if againe faire *Rachels* wombe had teem'd.  
And h'an't you read, how *Iosephs* growing mite  
(By faire degrees) raise him a favourite.

c

So

So doth he here in such brave order rise,  
As may indeare him to his *Pharoh's* eyes.  
Next, as the rest their flagging tops did bend  
To *Iosephs* Sheafe, still mounting up an end;  
So you fond Bards (like their ungrounded sheaves)  
To this green Laurell, vaile your saplesse Reaves.  
Blast not his worthy fame, here newly blowne,  
But learne to mend the ruines of your owne.

Loe here your Prefident, where you may see  
How farre divine wit, passeth Surquedree.

E. M.



# THE DREAMER, OR

The first Chapter of *Ioseph*.

GEN. the 37.

JOSEPH, a Sheep-herd, doth consort  
With's brethren; tel's their ill report :  
His Father loves him in extreames,  
For which he's bated, and his dreames :  
He's thrown into the pit, and sold  
Unto the Ishmaelites for gold,  
Who to Egypt having brought him,  
The second time, a Courtier bought him.



OD, alwaies just, begins in *Abrahams* Seed,  
To ratifie his Promise with his Deed;  
*Jacob* holds fast, and hath by this time well  
Deserv'd the happy name of *Izrael* :  
The Angell now would part, he (though  
His thigh disjoynted, undefatigable) (disable,  
Tugs for his blessing; as when heretofore,  
For his lo'vd *Rachel*, he serv'd sev'n yeers more :

Gen. 31.  
24.

A

Yong

Yong *Joseph's* joyfull Mother now (with whom,  
 A good portent!) God op'd her barren womb,  
 Took from her, her reproach; *Israel* and she,  
 Equally blest by importunity:  
 He, for a blessing; She, for one to blesse;  
 Both earnest sutors, both with like successe.  
 Hence for all crosses arm'd, and black despayr,  
 Learn; GOD himself is overcom by prayr:  
 If thou as earnest be in seeking, as  
 Un-tyred *Israel* and his *Rachel* was:  
 Who now, above the rest, doe love this boy,  
 As one not gotten in the common way,  
 But as a signe of God's continued love,  
 A prayr-gain'd childe immediat from above:  
 As, when the minde of Man some good conceives,  
 His hopes dare scarce attempt, and yet receives;  
 In like degree he loves it (now it is)  
 As if, he durst, he could have wish't it his:  
 Or, as things held in long suspence before  
 They're granted us, we ever prize them more  
 Then easier purchases; As we prefer  
 Miraculous, before things commoner:  
 So they their *Joseph*, with whom God did blesse  
 Old *Israel's* age, and *Rachel's* barrenesse;  
 It was enough (he was her sonne) to move,  
 His father, to a more then usuall love.  
*A coate, of many curious colours wrought,*  
*He made for him; Joseph was all his thought;*  
*Joseph was his delight; but yet so far*  
 As hopefull children to wise parents are,  
 He made no fondling of him; he could brooke  
 The lov'd child's absence; nor was griev'd to looke

Upon

Upon his labors ; nor was *Joseph* fed  
 With finer meates, nor warm'd a softer bed  
 With longer priviledge, nor was he spar'd  
 From any paines wherein his brethren shar'd,  
 Nor groan'd he for his burthen, nor did grumble,  
 But with prompt will, and an obedience humble,  
*Strove to performe his taske ; He went to keepe*  
*(With Bilhah's and with Zilpah's sons) the sheepe,*  
*And whilst his brethren he did thus consort,*  
*He brought his father home their ill-report,*  
 Who joy'd, they griev'd, so yong a one to see  
 Detest, and to detect their infamie :  
 But *Jacob* who too wise, above the rest  
 Fondly to love one, and for nothing best  
 At least to shew it ; yet he must approve  
 And cherish virtue, with increase of love ;  
 Which now he cannot hide, being swel'd as high  
 As *Joseph's* merits ; Virtue first may lie  
 Or Truth conceal'd, or the fel-brethrens hate,  
 Ere his affection, now grown passionate.  
 And they (who for a teltale heretofore,  
 Now as their fathers-fondling) hate him more :  
 Besides, nought renders one to envious hearts  
 More despicable then excelling parts ;  
 So, nought more then his virtue did incense  
 His brethren's rage ; his fault was Innocence.  
 Such *Jacob's* quarell was, such *Joseph's* fate,  
 As 'twere to inherit thus his brethrens hate :  
 The Fathers life, one *Eſau's* hate pursu'de ;  
 The Son was troubled with a multitude :  
 He got the blessing from them, and they spight  
 Him, now, their God's, and father's favorite.



And where this hellish fury once is bred  
 Of brethrens discord, there 'tis eas'ly fed  
 By ev'ry new occasion ; *Joseph's minde*  
 Was then inlightned, when his body blinde  
 With drowzie rest, in heavie sleep he wink't ;  
 Yet saw and learn't, by a divine instinct,  
 Most strange events (such alwayes are the waies  
 Whereby God was reveal'd in following daies  
 Unto their of-spring) when, 'gainst all extreams,  
 Their age saw visions, & their youth dream'd dreams.

*Iosephs  
 first  
 dreame.*

*So Joseph now ; When as me thought all we  
 Were binding sheaves of Corne, i'th field, quoth he  
 Unto his brethren, that my sheafe arose  
 And stood upright i'th midst, When loe all those  
 Of yours stood round, and with reclined head,  
 As in obeysance, my sheafe worshipped.*

Scarce had he ended, when they murmuring all,  
 Some with a Soule like-troubled as when *Saul*  
 From the rais'd Prophet heard his sudden doome,  
 And the sad ruin of his house to come :

Some with a scorn ; as when *Goliath* spide  
 So weake a Champion come, t'afront his pride  
 With staffe and sling ; with like beleefe of fate  
 Ensuing, they began to vent their hate.

And are we born, fond-dreamer, to obey ?

Must we indeed thy vassalls be, cry'd they ?

Must we adore thine eyes, and seeke grace thence ?

Whom Time and Nature gave preheminance ?

What frantick pride transports thy fancy thus ?

*Shall such a boy as thou reign over Us ?*

*And thus they swell'd to a more high contempt  
 Of him, because he told them what he dreamt :*

*BuA*

*Yet*

Yet this informing Genius left him not,  
 But newer fancies in his braine begot;  
 Such, and oflike presage, which mindles he  
 Of all their bitter flouts and mockery  
 Freely vents out, ev'n to his fathers eare,  
 Not caring though his envious brethren heare.  
*Me thought the Sun and Moone (did mee adore)*  
*And th'eleven Stars, as did the sheaves before,*  
*Quoth he, with like obeisance :* Now his Syre,  
 In whose ag'd bosom rag'd th'un-usual fire  
 Of indignation, this relation mov'd  
 Him in this sort to check the childe he lov'd.  
*What hast thou dreamt fond boy? What shall we all,*  
*Thy Father, Mother, and thy Brethren, fall*  
*In reverence to thee?* Trust not these vaine  
 And fond illusions of an idle braine:  
 Shall then that blessing leave me that hath gon  
 Still an inseparable companion  
 Of comfort with me? That which *Isaac* gave,  
 And that which purchas'd I with lameness have  
 Of my touch't thigh, when all the night I strove  
 With heav'nly powers, discended from above,  
 Till I obtain'd? And shall my name, which men  
 Us'd sacred, in their deepest Oaths, and when  
 They speake to any unbeleeving eare,  
 By *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob's* God they sweare?  
 Shall this name stoope to thine? Must thou indeede  
 Be only blest of all the promis'd seede?  
 Thus chek't he him; *Yet, mer'e the lesse, each part*  
*of Joseph's tale he treasur'd in his heart;*  
 So did his brethren too, though their intent  
 From their good fathers was farre different:

Josephs  
 second  
 dream.

They store his sayings up, as fuel fit  
 To feed their-hel-bred fire and nourish it,  
 Blown to too great a height already, by  
 Him that first chang'd the warmth and purity  
 Of fire, to scorching heate, that it might be  
 A meete reward to perpetuitie  
 For his demerits; who, thus damn'd to flames,  
 To make all partners of his torture aimes  
 Here and for ever, and to that end he  
 Tormenteth some with burning jealousy;  
 Others, with flames of hate and rancorous ire  
 Prepares as charcoales for eternall fire,  
 'Mongst all in generall (as they are inclin'd)  
 He casts these sparks, which kindled once, a wind  
 From any thing hee'l rayse, to fan withall  
 The heate more furious, not a word can fall  
 From harmlesse *Joseph*, which not somthing hath  
 That ads to his incensed brethrens wrath  
 By this time grown to such a hellish flame,  
 That nothing but his blood can quench the same:

Exod. 20 But God, that's True and Gracious, pittie takes  
 Ev'n unto thousands, for their fathers sakes;  
 Their Sins cannot old *Jacob*'s service blot,  
 Nor may his oath to *Abraham* be forgot,  
 But unto all their goods his love converts  
 The ill meant spleene of their malicious hearts;  
 Loe how to future times doth this foretell  
 The childrens stubbornnesse of *Israel*  
 From their beginning; ag'd but one discent,  
 Their plot is murder of the innocent;  
 So mischievous their minds, so bent on blood,  
 They spar'd not those that did or meant them good.

'Twas



'Twas early in the morn when they were gon  
 Forth with their Fathers flocks, to feede upon  
 The plaines of *Sechem*, where they not above  
 A few short houres had spent, when *Jacob's* love  
 Mov'd his desire to know what had befell  
 Them since their parting, whether all were well  
 Amongst their flocks and them, if they had found  
 Good shades to rest in, or good feeding ground  
 There for their sheep and heards, and thus inclinde  
 He calls yong *Joseph* to him, bids him finde  
 His brethren out, where they in *Sechem* are,  
 See them and bring me knowledge how they fare :  
 The youth is soon commanded, which he shewes  
 In quick obedience, forth he gladly goes  
 On this kind errand, to perform the will  
 Of him that sent him, never fearing ill  
 Because he meant no harm ; So innocent  
 Was his great Master from his Father sent  
 To their curst Of-spring; who, not only bred  
 From cruell loynes, but more experienced  
 In blood and murther; having slayn ev'n all  
 That came and would them to repentance call,  
 So wicked as they are, they send t'his grave  
 Him that brought peace to all, and came to save.  
 Who with an unmov'd soule as cheerfull went  
 To give his Fathers will accomplishment  
 Ev'n to the death, though hence the difference grew,  
 He that his Fathers wisedome was, fore-knew  
 His danger, *Joseph* went in little doubt  
 Oth' sad event to finde his brethren out  
 And comes by this to *Sechem*, calls and cries  
 Aloud upon them, but there's none replies

*Vntill*

Untill as in their quest he roving ran  
 Thus through the spacious fields, he met a man,  
 Who finding him, demanded what might be  
 The cause of his so busie search; quoth he  
 I seek my brethren Sir, can you I pray  
 Direct my wandring steps, or tell where they  
*Have led their flocks; I have to find them out,*  
*Traverst the vale of Hebron and about*  
*The plaines of Sechem runne with fruitlesse speed,*  
*Meeting with none could tell me where they feed.*  
 No (*quoth the man*) then in good time I may  
 Give thee some ease at last: I heard them say  
 Let us to Dothan hence; Scarce had he said  
 Dothan, when Joseph but to thank him staid,  
 Then with much haste, making this news his guide,  
 Posts after them, whom when from far they spide,  
 Their colours chang'd, and their distracted blood  
 Eb'd to their hearts, and streight gush't like a flood  
 Into their face and eys, and glowing there,  
 Made their long carried coales in flames appeare:  
 And then a murmur doth amongst them runne,  
 Like the winds strugling ere the storm's begunne.

When the foure Elements assembled are  
 From all the corners of the Earth to warre  
 In some great Tempest, when the Ayre and Fire  
 Against the Earth and swelling-Seas conspire,  
 Thunder's their trumpet, at whose noyse they fall  
 In a rude conflict mixt, and threaten all  
 Their poore inhabitants; Lightnings would dry  
 The Seas, and they to quench heav'ns fires do try,  
 And hel's flames too, where having falne, they rise  
 With a new crotchet now to strike the Skies.

The

The earth and ayr mean while as twere dissolv'd  
 Into one ill mixt body, looke, involv'd.  
 Thus altogether rude, and shapelesse as  
 Old Chaos, ere the worlds creation was.  
 Nothing but darknesse now, no light is found  
 More then in wretched man, in passions drown'd.  
 Reason extinguish'd, man's a world compos'd  
 Of all the elements which Iye enclos'd.  
 In severall humours, from them bred whence flow  
 Our passions which being bound and ordered so  
 By reason, as the world by light (the best  
 And first of creatures, made to rule the rest)  
 Angels are in their kinde lesse blest then we  
 That images of our Creator be.  
 But that curb break, and passions ruling, then  
 No storme, no Chaos, so deform'd as men.  
 And thus with Joseph's brethren twas that flood  
 Now like so many Cains, in wait for's blood.  
*See where yond dreamer comes (say they) let's kill,  
 Let's make an end of him, and see what will  
 Become of all his projects, and his visions,  
 His idle fancies, and fond apparitions,  
 And for a good excuse we can not misse  
 Wee'l say, Some beast devour'd him, true it is  
 Most savage beasts they were that thus did plot  
 To ruine him, their rage considered not  
 His fathers care who sent, whose love him brought  
 To hearken of their healths, this they nere thought.  
 All seek his death but Reuben, who more milde  
 Then were the rest, labours to save the child,  
 The boy is yong, and childish, he in vain  
 Urg'd, and for dreams deserv's not to be slain.*

B

Then



Then with his fathers weaknesse intercedes,  
 His years, and his great love to Joseph pleads,  
 Joseph's the staffe, and prop of Israels age,  
 Thus he persists, but they still deafe with rage,  
 Give him no eare, his words can do no good:  
*Which when he sees, oh yes, let's shed no blood*  
*He cries, my brethren, I'll direct a way*  
*To your revenge, and yet we will not slay,*  
*Nor lay our hands on him, not farre from hence*  
 It's desert is a hollow hole, and thence  
 Down to the bottome the descent so steep,  
 That tis impossible he ere should creep  
 Again above ground, there's no water there,  
 And tis so steep withall that none can heare  
 His cryes, and if by chance he there be found,  
 It may be said, he fell into the ground.  
 Then can it nere be told, we took his breath,  
 Although indeed we left him to his death:  
 None of his bloud can on our heads be laid:  
*For none of it we shed, all this he said*  
*To rid him from their hands, and if he might,*  
*To bring him to their father home at night.*  
 At last more pacified, they take for sence  
 His words, and give him freer audience.  
 Reuben, say they, speaks truth, then let's not strive,  
 We will not kill, but bury him alive.  
 Their plot concluded on, and Joseph come,  
 They fall upon him altogether: some  
 Rip off his many colour'd coat (the signe  
 Of Jacobs love) others make fast a line  
 About his tender waste, and ripping thence  
 All but his shirt, white like his innocence,

They

*The History of I O S E P H.*

11

They hale him forwards, whilst his grief, and fears,  
Can vent it self in nothing, but in tears:  
They will not heare him speak, nor are they mov'd,  
Nor once consider'd how their father lov'd  
Those blubber'd eyes, nor what hold grief would take  
On his gray hairs, for his lost *Joseph* sake:  
Mindlesse of this, with other thoughts then whet  
Their fury on, and more on edge did set  
Their vengeance, being by this come to the pit,  
They rudely take and cast him into it:  
And in the ground they bury (*O* yild deed)  
Gods promise, and the hopes of *Isaque's* seed.  
But see his power, that from the loose stones can,  
Or looser dust, raise *Abraham* sonnes, made man  
Of nought, can cause new quickned bodies come  
From the graves barren, and unfruitfull wombe.  
He that shall make all deeps, and seas at last,  
Their dead from forth their silent mansions cast,  
That power can *Israels* seed so deeply sowne,  
Cause sprouting thence, to flourish in a throne.  
Ev'n he that puls the mighty from their seat,  
Shall make the lowest highest, *Joseph* great,  
Who left thus deep, now to his deeper thoughts,  
More then his own fate, wails his brethrens faults,  
Thinks on their impious rage, and what a curse  
Must follow their offence, this griev'd him worse  
Then his own sufferings, they mean while the feat  
Long plotted on perform'd, sare down to eat  
On th' earths green carpet, but what ere their food,  
I dare presume, their cheer was not so good,  
It cannot be the guilt of their offence  
Could sit so light upon their conscience.

Some anxious thoughts of their great God displeas'd  
 Poore Joseph left to cold, and hunger, seifed  
 Sometimes upon them all, as then they led  
 It seems they mus'd, for lo they lift their head,  
 And looking round, behold upon the sight  
 Of certain Merchants, that were Ishmaelites,  
 Whose camels laden (towards Egypt thence) and to sell  
 With balme, and myrrh, and spice, from Gilead went,  
 Judah cries out, what will it do us good  
 To kill our brother, and conceal his blood?  
 He is our brother, and our flesh, 'twere well  
 We layd no hands upon him, let us sell  
 Him rather to yon Merchants, and being sold,  
 We are reveng'd, and our reward is gold.  
 The saying pleas'd them all, and up they rose  
 (Whilst absent Reuben nothing of it knows)  
 And coming to the pit, cast in a rope  
 To hale up weeping Joseph, now in hope  
 Some pity came upon them, when he found  
 Worse mischiefs gaping for him then the ground,  
 He in the narrow confines of the cave  
 Was King, there being none else, but now a slave,  
 For th' Ishmaelites being come, to them they brought him,  
 Who having lookt upon, and likt him, bought him,  
 For twenty silver peece, a good rate  
 Judas but thirty for his Master gave:  
 Joseph thou highly valued art to rise  
 Within ten peecees of thy Saviours price,  
 Thy brethren I'm assur'd, though it was good gain  
 To have revenge and silver for their pain.  
 Two peecees ev'ry man, but how with all  
 A cloak to hide their fault, they think upon,



And here the worst of all their malice noat,  
Their infamy, they cover, with thy coat.

Gods finger's in't, a ramme's for Isaac slain,  
*A kid for Joseph, with whose blood they stain*  
*His colour'd rayment, mean while to the pit*  
Reuben *makes haste, and being come to it*  
Bows him there down, and whispers, brother rise,  
I come to free thee from the cruelties  
Of them that hate thee, as from being slain  
I sav'd, so now Ile bring thee home again  
Unto thy father: but when none replies  
He doubts, and louder, and yet louder cries:  
At last, with out-stretcht throat, he lifts his voyce,  
So have I often heard the climbing noyse  
Of some exact Musitian that begins  
So low, 'you'd scarce beleve he toucht the strings:  
Then by degrees mounts to a tone so high  
That each eare tingles as in sympathy,  
Or like the tune oth' winde, that calmly blows  
At first, then swels, and by degrees it grows  
Higher, and higher yet, and is at last  
Able to deafe the hearers, ev'ry blast:  
Such and so fruitlesse, is th' exalted voyce  
Of *Reuben* now he hears no answring noyse  
But his own eeche, willingly beguil'd,  
He takes that as an answer from the childe,  
And calls again, till reason makes him know  
It is not, though (God wot) he wish it so.  
He finds his error, and with tears laments  
*His brothers losse, then passionately rents*  
*His cloaths, and with redoubled haste he makes*  
After his brethren, whom he over-take,

First with lamenting voyce, which to them cries,  
 And coming near with teare-bedewed eyes,  
*Joseph is gone, what shall become of me;*  
*He was not in the pit, then farewell he,*  
*They all replide, we need not fear his spight:*  
 Now, to bring home t'our father tales at night,  
 You have not slain him then, good God defend;  
 He from his brethren, this untimely end  
 Should have, (quoth *Reuben*) no, be thou content,  
 No violent hands we laid on him; yet sent  
 Him far enough from troubling us again,  
 Nor is our quietnesse the onely gain  
 W'have made, nor yet our just revenge: but see,  
 All this w'had for him, here's a share for thee.  
 Who when he saw no remedy, at last  
 He purg'd himself oth' guilt, and forward past:  
 Whilst they applaud their doings and device,  
 Th'ave found to blinde their fathers aged eyes,  
 Who wisht them blinde indeed, when they the coat  
 Present unto him, and ask him if he know't,  
 He takes and views, and seeing it all ore  
 Dipt in his best lov'd sonnes supposed gore,  
 He faine would not beleieve his eyes, on them  
 He looks that brought it, then on it agen;  
 He knows the work, and as he well may do,  
 The making, and the curious colours too.  
 So God the rain-bow cloath'd, which of his love  
 And future pitty was the pledge, so 'bove  
 His other brethren, this as a delight  
 Did witnesse *Joseph* was in's fathers sight:  
 But here th'unhappy difference did prove,  
 That shows Gods pitty, this mans pitty move:

Who

Who having seen? a crimson that out-shines  
 The well prest fruit of cluster bearing vines,  
 Or any thing of Nature well set by,  
 To shadow forth the purple *Syrian* dye,  
 Close unto which another colour's layd,  
 Pure as the modest blushes of a mayd,  
 And fundry other reds by a well taught,  
 And curious needle-woman finely wrought  
 Into one piller; in another's seen  
 As many sorts of well disposed green,  
 The next of yellow, and between them lay  
 The fether of the prating Poppingay,  
 Flame colour then, and saffron you behold,  
 Compared with the pleasing hue of gold,  
 And in like well mixt method you might finde  
 Blacks, blues, and whites, divers of ev'ry kinde  
 In severall pillers wav'd, and neatly wrought  
 Into one peece of stufte, one curious coat:  
 If I that artificall work should see  
 Spoyl'd, and bestain'd with bloud, 'twould pity me,  
 How much is he mov'd then? that is perswaded  
 'Twas with his bloud, and death for whom he made it.  
 He that his passions wil expresse aright,  
 Must be as he was in the self same plight.  
 His brows are cloudy, from his eyes it rains  
 Salt showres of tears, as t'were to wash the stains  
 From off the slubber'd coat, then with a groan,  
 Because that's spoil'd, hee'l likewise spoyl his own.  
*He rends his garments, and in sack-cloth cloth's*  
*His aged loyns, then weeps afresh and loaths*  
*All words of comfort, Joseph thou art gone,*  
 Torn as my garment, bloody as thine own,

Some



*Some evill beast, some bear, or hyon wilde  
 Have fill'd their greedy panches with my childer:  
 And now though all his sonnes and daughters rise  
 To comfort him hee'l none: his big swollen eyes  
 Will take no truce from tears, they banish sleep,  
 And as 'twere made for nothing, but to weep.  
 The day he in no other task out-wears,  
 And all the night waters his couch with tears.  
 Now thou art gone, what comfort can I have?  
 Ile follow thee, my sonne, into the grave,  
 With sorrow Ile descend, thus grief prevail'd  
 O're the old man, and thus he long bewail'd  
 The prosperous youth, who is by this time brought  
 To Ægypt with those Marchants, and there bought  
 By Putiphar, an officer by place  
 Chief Marshal, and a man in Pharaohs grace.*

**THE**

THE  
PRISONER:

OR,  
The second Chapter of *Joseph*.

G E N. the 39.

*JOSEPH his Master puts in trust,  
His Mistresse tempts him to her lust,  
Faire words, and threats, in vain she usde,  
Then in disdaine to be refusde:  
Complains of an intended rape,  
Alleadg'd her out-cry, his escape;  
So Joseph is in prison cast,  
An uncount fault, for being chaste.  
But still God blest him: to his care,  
The prisoners all committed are.*

**T**He great Creator whose all piercing eye  
The secretst corners of our hearts can trie.  
He that their future inclination knows  
Being growne to men, that now art embrioes.  
Elected *Isaac*, ere good *Abraham* thought  
Old barren *Sarah* should a sonne have brought.

C

And

And *Joseph* sure, whom God a blessing gave  
 To weeping *Rachel*, part of it must have  
 Himselfe; the Lord nere blest a barren wombe,  
 And not the issue that should from it come.  
*Joseph* below'd, and blest, even from his birth,  
 Blest in the hollow cavernes of the earth,  
 Where being cast, and then again hal'd thence,  
 And by his brethren sold for twenty pence  
 Of silver, to those Marchants, who him bare  
 To *Ægypt*, to the house of *Putiphar*.  
 There sold the second time; God in the place  
 Of bondage, with his Master gives him grace.  
 Who, *Joseph* Steward of his house, doth make,  
*And all he hath, and all for Josephs sake*  
*Is blest, and prospers, Joseph is found just,*  
*As seemes by Putiphar, his Masters trust:*  
*All's under Josephs hand, nor doth he know*  
*Ought that he hath, but what he eats, or so.*  
 Nor doth he loose by't, *Joseph* keeps true counts,  
 And *Putiphar* to wealth, and honour, mounts  
 By his just care; but see, the devill would show  
 A little kindnesse unto *Joseph* too.

*A de-cri-  
 ption of  
 Joseph.*

*Joseph's* a proper man, faire to behold,  
 Of goodly stature, and a handsome mould,  
 His sparkling eye quicke with attentive care  
 Shoots pleasing beames, yet those, not wanton are;  
 His smooth white forehead, and unclouded brow  
 The open plainnesse of his heart did show  
 Sweet and good natures read; not crafty wiles  
 Are hidden, in his undissembled smiles.  
 His long dishevel'd locks, of curled haire  
 From obscene speeches guard his deafned eare,

His



His lips faire *Rachels* were, his looks so meek,  
His modesty gave colour to his cheek.  
His head, and heart, were *Jacobs*, just, and wise,  
All this the fiend pleads, and in's Mistris eyes,  
Gives him not grace, but liking, not with loves;  
But with her hot lusts strong temptation proves  
His youth, so forcibly as might enrage  
The cold, decayed bloud, of wrinckled age.  
Yet *Joseph* is unmov'd, a wonder past  
Moderne beleefe, hee's tempted, faire, and chaste.  
Had many women been so, t'would from spight  
Redeem'd the sex, and common epithites:  
His no forc'd vertue was, like theirs that be  
Best guarded by their owne deformity  
From sinne, whose face is able to deter  
Lust from themselves and the adulterer.  
Whose looks no more temptation in them have  
Then that they're like the devils, nor to save  
Charge or expences was it, nor was he  
To buy his sinne, or loose his chastity  
At so deare rate; his manhood to controule,  
As (sinners now) with money, and their soule.  
Nor lacks he boldnesse, for his Mistresse she  
Becomes the tempter, and where modesty  
Most hinders lust, me thinks that grace I finde  
Like Gods restringent power, which to mankind  
The devill doth as 'twere in chains withhold  
From doing of the mischief, that he would;  
Nor wants he youthfull heat, being in the prime  
And flower of his age, the aptest time  
For such employments, nor wants ought to move  
That might seduce him to unlawfull love.

But he that chaste, and can't be otherwise,  
 Offers himselfe a wretched sacrifice  
 To God, when all his bones of sap are drie,  
 As *Cains* lean eares of corne, which in Gods eye  
 Was not of all accepted: the most high  
 Delights not in such barren piety.

Eccl. 12.  
 1.

But *Joseph* full of vertue, full of truth,  
 Remembers his Creator in his youth,  
 E're the dayes come which bring him of his grave  
 In minde, those dayes, wherein men say they have  
 No pleasure: would that grace that sav'd him then  
 From hir inticements, were not lost 'mongst men  
 Of these last dayes, she was not foule, nor mean,  
 Nor was she old, nor yet a common quean,  
 When had she beene all these 'ere giv'n a nay,  
 How many a youth had cast his soule away  
 To such a proffer, they had beene lesse nice  
 Then to deny, more ready to entice.  
 She was his Masters wife, and this offence  
 They would have colour'd with obedience  
 Still due to her commands: who would have thought,  
 I mean what worldly man, but this had brought  
 Him to preferment in a way more nigh  
 Then his deniall, and fidelity?  
 She sole commandresse was in ev'ry thing,  
 She could her husband sway, and he the King,  
 But wretched men! and yet Ile nothing say,  
 Ile not prophane my story, to inveigh  
 Or scarce to mention them that do not know (flow.  
 What sweet content doth with good conscience  
 But from them to the Devill I'le proceed  
 Observe his plots, see with what cunning heed,

And

And how industrious he his worke doth ply,  
And gives what she could wish, conveniency.  
*When all abroad, none's left but she at home,*  
*Joseph bout's businesse in the house doth come.*  
The fiend doth finde his plot may well be crost,  
That *Joseph's* bashfulnesse would nere accost  
His amorous Mistresse, she'l not be withstood,  
The devill will finde more wayes unto the wood.  
Her plyant bosome with more heat he moves  
At *Joseph's* sight boldly to breake her loves  
In these broad tearme, whom when she first doth see,  
*She runs to embrace, and cries, Come lye with me.*

Ev'n as a man that in the dead of night  
Some apparition meets, or ghastly sight,  
He cannot fly, but trembles, and stands mute,  
So blushing *Joseph*, at this shamelesse suite : (shape,  
Whilest she more bold, commends his matchlesse  
Then on his corral lips commits a rape.  
And if before her words your wonder breeds,  
She is as plaine, or plainer in her deeds:  
Wealth is her promise, and her pledge a kisse,  
Alas poore *Joseph* ! what a conflict's this?  
The world, the flesh, the devill, all at once,  
Thou art beset, by hels fierce champions.  
They strike his eares with flatt'ries, and they thrust  
Ev'n at his soule with fiery darts of lust:  
Who arm'd with vertue, in his heart that dwels,  
Makes vaine their malice, and their force repels,  
With flat refusall, giv'n with due respects,  
He reverences his Mistresse, but rejects  
Her impudent entreaties, and with eyes  
Cast where she may not see them, thus replies:



(Lady) you know that in my hands there are  
 More then my Master wots, unto my care  
 All is entrusted that he hath to be;  
 There is none greater in the house then I:  
 Of all his goods he hath detained none  
 From me, except your selfe, his wife alone.  
 Such was old Adams case, one fruit forbad,  
 Ev'n all the world besides he might have had,  
 And that he long'd for, oh unhappy nice  
 To save his longing, lost his paradise!  
 And shall not his example give to me  
 Warning enough from the forbidden tree?  
 When to my Master I was sold a slave,  
 His goodnesse trusted, and securely gave  
 His whole state to my keeping: oh 'twere shame  
 My cos'nage should begin upon his fame!  
 Besides I pray that God my works may blesse,  
 How can I then do this great wickednesse,  
 And sinne against him? 'twas I hope to try  
 Your servants truth, and his fidelity,  
 My honour'd Mistrisse, whence these words proceed  
 Not any meaning to so foule a deed:  
 Which said, quicke rev'rence made with busie haste,  
 Not staying for her answer forth he past:  
 And left her more amaz'd, then he at first  
 When she into her lustfull passions burst:  
 A modest blush did Josephs cheek bestaine,  
 But in her angry looks all colours raigne;  
 All passions in her brest, first raging ire  
 Inflames her eyes, they set the rest on fire  
 Of her swolne face, but: oh her lost delight!  
 She fears, and changes, now again shee's white.

She

She grieves, laments, despairs; hee'l nere come back  
 She cries, and now shee's melancholly black;  
 She frets, and frowns, and then as in disdain  
 To be refus'd, she scorns, and smiles again:  
 Now in distraction all her passions met,  
*Proteus* himself could never counterfet  
 So many severall colours, till at last  
 This mad fit of her contemplation past,  
 She coms t' her self, and thinks what's done, and sed,  
 And what's the cause that she no better sped:  
 Then she considers that he was but yong,  
 And must be suppld with a smoother tongue:  
 She was too rough, thence came her ill successe;  
 Flattery must winne the heart of bashfulnesse.  
 She studies now encomiums for the rare  
 Perfections he's indu'd with, such as were  
 Excuse, she thought, for lust of worse degree  
 Then hers, for incest, or damn'd Sodomie.  
 Nature (saith she) did nere a body frame  
 So excellent; onely to beare a name,  
 And to be lookt on, nor will I perswade  
 Thee unto ought, but that for which th'art made,  
 Which was not for thy self; thou art not yong,  
 Nor deck'd with comelinesse, nor wise, nor strong,  
 For thine own onely good, but unto thee  
 Nature imparted these, that thou mightst be  
 Her steward of them; youth and strength are thine,  
 (But for her use) oh do not thou decline  
 From her commands that gave them, she did frame  
 All for each others good, and what I claime  
 Is by her laws, who never sure combin'd  
 So smooth a body, with so harsh a minde,

As

As pretend' st to have, all thou canst say  
Is of thy Masters goodnesse, canst thou pay  
His courtesie with greater, all thy life.

Then this thy kindnesse to his dearest wife?

And i' st not meer dissembling if thou tell

Thou lov' st him, and not her he loves so well?

Ilc foure legg'd dwellers in the woods, and hils,  
Both male, and female, whilst nought curbs their wils  
enjoy their sweet variety with peace:

Nature commands them nothing but increase.

Yet still do' st urge a matrimoniall tye

Why canst thou think wise she would ere deny

To man whom she of all things hath posselt

Those priviledges she hath given a beast?

But more and stronger charms she doth invent,

And so the fiend had made her eloquent.

Her words an aged Hermit from his cell

Might have intic'd, and made him sue for hell.

But *Joseph's* still unmov'd, he gives no eare

He's full of businesse, and wants time to heare

Her flattries (in his carriage thus to her

Were little hopes of being a Courtier).

Still she assayes him whilst the dev'll her friend

Makes daily opportunities attend

Her newer plots, how can they chuse but hit

Between the devils and the womans wit

So closely follow'd? for she day by day

As *Samsons* wife, or his false *Dalila*,

Importunate, persues him with her lust,

And day by day hath the same answer just.

At last impatient of her oft denyall,

She now resolves upon a finall triall:

And



And either in her vile attempts shee'l speed  
Or on revenge, if not on lust shee'd feed.  
What foule effects do such suits propagate,  
If granted, shame; and if not granted, hate.  
Thus arm'd in both hands, brings she sword, and fire,  
Swords of revenge, and flames of foule desire.  
Here let him chuse to which he is inclin'd,  
The fiend and she are of the self-same minde.  
If with the sinne he cannot be content,  
Let him resolve to beare the punishment.

*The folks i th field, and Putiphar at Court,  
Joseph comes home: oh how do all consort  
To her vile purpose? whilst his serious thought  
Mus'd on his businesse, she his garment caught:  
Speaks her old language, now she tels him plain  
He's fast, and shall not part with her a gain  
Till she hath had her will: if he refuse her,  
She'l sweare that he attempted to abuse her.*

He thus put out on's dumps, this troubled more  
His thoughts, then all he mus'd upon before,  
And as for such encounters ill prepar'd,  
He's mute, and struggles as a bird ensnar'd:  
Such were his looks, as when *Susanna* saw  
The wicked Elders from their covert draw.  
Their case not much unlike, the same they cry,  
His Mistrisse and the Elders, do or dye.  
As a rust fowl, that gladly leaves her plumes  
In the hawks eager talents, and assumes  
New wings of fear, from her late danger past  
Vntill her safety she hath wonne at last.  
The like our troubled *Joseph* forc't to do,  
Forfakes his garment, and his Mistrisse too.

D

Who

Who thus forlorn, of all her hopes bereft  
 Nothing of *Joseph*, but his rayment left,  
 And that she kept, a pledge of hir disdain,  
 Not as a pawn, he would return again.  
 His father *Jacob* was not troubled more  
 When he his colour'd coat had lost before.  
 Then she's now vext, and fretted, she could tear  
 The cloak for anger, yet she will forbear,  
 And keep it for revenge, her hopes beguill'd  
 Makes her to weep, and anger makes her wilde,  
 With looks distracted now she doth arise;  
 And with a loud and troubled voyce she cries  
 Unto her people, and whilst they amaz'd  
 Upon her ill presaging count'nance gaz'd,  
 She cries out help, as if some foe were by  
*The Hebrew slave hath offer'd villany*  
*To me his Masters wife; he that's so just,*  
 In whom his Master doth repose such trust,  
*'Twas he came in to mock me, till affright*  
*By my rais'd voyce, he took himself to flight,*  
 And left for fear, or shame, or both you see  
*This coat, the witness of his lust with me.*  
 Fine Devill still, what plot hath ever been yet  
 Crost with th' old instrument the woman wit,  
 Whom he thought fittest amongst the creatures all  
 To compasse a damnation generall,  
 In *Adam's* ruine; she so serv'd him then  
 That he hath us'd the self same hand agen,  
 In most of's plots e're since, upon just *Lot*  
 By wine, and women, he a conquest got  
 No pow'r but womans ever could subvert  
*David*, a man chose after Gods own heart;

Then

Then which successe he chose to set upon  
 The strong, and wise, *Samson*, and *Solomon*:  
 So holy *Job* was tempted: women are  
 Like Angels, and the good may half compare  
 With them for glory, did heav'ns brightnesse shine  
 As oft upon them, they were as divine.  
 The bad ones are the flesh that tempt to evill,  
 And almost do more mischief then the devill.  
 Fit instruments for him, to death they lead,  
 The Wiseman saith, her paths unto the dead.  
 They're like mans evill genius, and attend  
 As his bad angel for some wicked end.  
 The best things when they from their goodnesse fall,  
 And be corrupted, prove the worst of all.  
 'Angels that fell are devils since their curse,  
 But beauteous woman false from vertue, worse.  
 Such was this dame, who seeking to betray  
 Poore Joseph for his innocence doth lay  
 His cloak safe, till his Lords return, to whom  
 She thus presents it at his coming home.

*Pron.*  
 18.

Such are the servants you for me provide,  
 Your Hebrew slave's refraght with lust and pride,  
 Came in to mock me, till my shrieks for fear  
 Made him forgo his cloak, and leave it here.

Me thinks with such a brow vext *Samson* ey'd  
 His father that restrain'd him from his bride.  
 So *Joseph's* angry brethren, did behold him,  
 When they against him rose, before they told him:  
 As now his Master doth, who will not stay  
 To heare him what he for himself can say.  
 Anger contracts his brow, his eyes shoot fire,  
 His wroth is kindled, will the slave aspire



To all I have? Is there not in his hands  
 Enough already? and with that commands  
 Him to perpetuall prison, too unjust  
 A guerdon for inviolated trust.  
 Yet in his anger did some love appeare,  
 'Twas to a place where the Kings prisoners were.  
*But God thats ev'ry where is there likewise,*  
*And gives him favour in his keepers eyes;*  
*Who a new charge commits unto his care,*  
*Ev'n all the prisoners that in prison are.*  
 Joseph doth all, the keeper takes his rest,  
*And looks to nothing, but still Joseph's blest.*  
*For see the Lord his own that nere forsakes,*  
*Makes all to thrive that Joseph undertakes.*  
 Who cheerfull still, and no way discontent  
 For his lost liberty, or punishment:  
 His cleare soul knowing, that for no offence  
 He suffer'd, onely for his innocence.  
 And cheerfull well he may be, each place proves  
 A heaven unto him, wheresoe're he moves.  
 By God's dread presence, as by Kings resort,  
 Each petty cottage doth become a Court.  
 As was the house of *Obed-Edom* blest,  
 Whilst in his walls the sacred Ark did rest:  
 So *Joseph* now in jayl (no doubt) it were  
 A happinesse to be a prisoner there.  
 The keeper finds his blessings whilst he sees  
 With admiration his encrease of fees.  
 Great prisoners daily flock, like *Labans* sheep,  
 Whilst *Jacob* did his pastures keep.



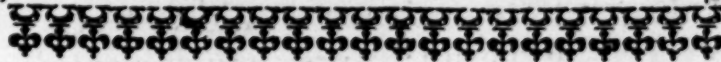
# THE SOOTH-SAYER:

OR,  
The third Chapter of *Joseph.*

GEN. the 40.



*The Butler and the Baker, both  
To prison sent in Pharoh's wroth.  
They severall dreams to Joseph told,  
Who their meanings did unfold.  
The Butler whom his news restor'd  
He in his own behalf implor'd:  
But with him thanklesse, and unkinde,  
Being out of sight, is out of minde.*



**A**Nd after these things, lo, it came to passe,  
Pharoh offended with his Butler was:  
And his chiefe Baker, whom (being wroth) he sent  
Together both, to close imprisonment:  
Ev'n to the place where Joseph was in ward,  
Unto whose charge the Captain of the guard

D 3

Committed

*Committed them, where for a season he  
Did serve them both, and bare them company.*

There they continued, till some days were past,  
Impatient with their durance both: at last  
With froward vexing they out weare the light,  
And in unquiet slumbers spend the night,  
Untill as wearied both, a nap they take  
Each with a severall dream i th' morne doth wake.  
When Joseph early comming to salute  
His charge, he finds i be m sullen both and mute.

Sure mans eternall soul, hath here some sence  
(As other spirits) oth' pleniscience  
Which unto them hereafter shall be given  
(Their fleshly drosse being purg'd away) in heav'n.  
And did not our grosse bodies it deny  
Undoubtedly each man might prophecy.

Whilst our dull carcasses, are charmd with sleep,  
Still as in death: our soul his watch doth keep:  
No outward objects interpose, to hale  
Included fancy forth; the naturall  
Thoughts of our souls presented, then we finde,  
And dream the fears, or wishes of our minde.

The knowing soul, then, privy to th' entent  
Of following fate, discover would th' event  
To th' corps, and waiting pow'r to do't at full  
Speaks in the language of an oracle.  
With which the body waking from his trance  
Is more afflicted then with ignorance.

So 'twas with these, who understood the news,  
 Mat. 13. Their dreaming fancies brought them, as the Jews  
 14. Christs parables: and no more, then th' Eunuch did  
 Esay's misterious prophecy, as he rid

Before



Before hee met with *Philip*; this did vex  
 Their troubled senses, and so much perplexe  
 Their mind with doubts; as should a pardon come  
 To one condemn'd, he might misdoubt his doome,  
 And sentence in it, till it were unseal'd,  
 And the glad news, with the contents reveal'd:  
 Such were their fears, they always us'd to be  
 A little cheer'd with *Joseph's* company.  
 But now when he his morning wishes had  
 Giv'n, still he finds them discontent and sad.  
 Their pale aspects, which with an o're clouded brow,  
 And wrinkled forehead, made them seem as though  
 Th'unpleasing fancies not with sleep forsaking king.  
 Their troubled thoughts, still wrought upon the wa-  
 Such was wretch't *Hamans* face, when he descride  
 The strange catastrophe of all his pride  
 So look't *Caldeas* King, when midst of all  
 His jollity, he spide upon the wall  
 The characters unknown, the dreadfull hand  
 Which all the sages could not understand,  
 So pensive were these prisoners till some pause  
 Past, *Joseph* silence breaks and asks the cause.  
*What mean these heavy looks? they both reply*  
 Yong man, tis more then our lost liberty  
 That now afflicts us, we have each this night,  
 Dreamt severall dreams, and here is none that might  
 Discose the hidden meaning, or make knowne  
 To us the right interpretation.  
 Perchance they may devine some good event,  
 Some ease, or end, of our imprisonment.  
 Be not dismay'd, replide the holy youth,

*Act. 8.*  
30.

*Hest. 6.*

*Dan. 5.*

Come

*Come not such secrets from the God of truth?  
 Cheer up your down-cast hearts, and you shall see  
 God makes his servants wise : pray tell them me  
 To whom the Butler as a good portent  
 Of slucky fancy and the good it meant,  
 First clears his clouded face, and taking heart,  
 He thus to Joseph doth his dream impart.*

*The  
 Butlers  
 dreame,*

*Me thought my fancy gave unto my sight  
 A fruitfull vine which spread it self forth right  
 Into three branches, on whose boughs appeare  
 The three most pleasant seasons of the yeare :  
 It springs, and buds, and then it blossoms bore,  
 At last with ripn'd grapes all clustred ore,  
 I gather'd some, which as I then did think  
 I crush't in Pharaohs cup, and gave him drink.*

*To whom good Joseph being loath to hide  
 Such welcome news from him, thus replide.  
 The fruitfull branches that were spread three ways,*

*interpre-  
 ted.*

*By their interpretation are three days:  
 Let not those houres seem tedious, which being spent  
 Are the last days of thy imprisonment.  
 The King shall lift thine head, and shall restore  
 Thee then to fill his cup as heretofore.  
 But when as I foretell you finde it so,*

*Remember Joseph, and some kindnesse show.  
 Mention my name to Pharaoh, free me hence,  
 And my good tydings have full recompence.*

*I from the Hebrew land was stoln a childe,  
 Nor hath my youth committed ought so vilde  
 As to deserve the rigor that thus stays  
 Me here to languish out my best of days,*

In obscure lazinesse; with so small scope,  
Able to breake the very heart of hope.  
All that my worst accuser e're could lay  
Vnto my charge, I once did disobey  
My Masters wife, in a command that went  
Against my conscience; and was therefore sent  
Here where you see me; 'twas no other fault  
That damn'd me to this melancholy vault,  
Where were that axiom true, that some doe hold,  
Griefe makes men gray, I had ere this grown old.

Now as you finde my truth, remember me  
By the prediction of your liberty.  
Your dreame expounded, I have clear'd your doubt,  
But dreame not when I shall my selfe come out:  
Vnlesse your kinde remembrance quit me well,  
By giving me what I to you foretell.  
The Butler like a Courtier promis'd where  
Sad *Ioseph* makes his period with a teare.

By this the Baker having understood,  
To'thers interpretation was good,  
Rous'd up himselfe, and herewith comforted.  
*Thus told his dreame, behold upon my head  
Were three white baskets, th'uppermost me thought  
With all choyce kinde sof Pharaoh's bake-meats fraught,  
Where loe the birds, that round about me fled,  
Did cat them out o'th basket on my head.  
To whom, thus Ioseph, (loathing with delays,  
Worse to torment him) telleth that three dayes  
His three white baskets are, whose short time spent,  
Thou shalt be free from thy imprisonment;  
And then an end of all thy cares shalt make,  
Then shall the King thine head from off thee take;*

*The Ba-  
kers  
dreame  
interpre-  
ted.*

E

*And*



*And cause thee to be hang'd upon a tree,  
 And birds shall eat thy flesh from off of thee.*  
 Thus *Ioseph* ends, whilst they with hope and feare,  
 True picture of those different passions were.  
 Nor will I otherwise describe their station,  
 But each was like his dreames interpretation:  
 Th'one full of hope, the other of despaire;  
 But all proves true, as *Ioseph* did declare.  
*For the third following morne it came to passe,*  
*That Pharoh's birth day then solemniz'd was:*  
 Mirth and the voyce of joy the heavens invade,  
*Whilst he feast for all his servants made.*  
*To which the prisoners call'd, he lifts their head,*  
*The one's restor'd, the t'other punished*  
*With shame, and verifying Iosephs words,*  
*Hang'd, and his flesh devoured by the birds.*  
*Meane while, th' advanced Butler, tooingrate,*  
*Forgets poore Ioseph, and his wretched state.*  
 Courtiers have busie heads, the breath of Kings  
 Takes from them cleane the sense of meaner things:  
 Th'have other thoughts to thinke on, then to know  
 Friends low in state, when their high fortunes flow.  
 Th'have all faire language, and that's freely spent;  
 Their promise too is but a complement.  
 No strangers businesse in their heads can stand,  
 Without some memorandums in their hand.  
 But pardon me, you noble soules, that be  
 Attendants fit for sacred Majesty.  
 Men farre above my Muse, weake to set forth  
 Your praise: lesse able to impayr your worth.  
 I know the Court's the onely Shoole to teach  
 Humanity, and to attain the reach

Of wit : it is, what need more words be spent ?  
Under the Kings immediate government :  
Where brave mindes, that from glories of the place,  
Vertue and worth derive, their Princes grace  
Abusing not, but studying to confer't  
To his increase of love, upon desert :  
Have all those Angels plac'd by heav'n t'attend  
The King, (his state and person to defend)  
So many better geniusses to tell,  
And prompt them, both to live, and counsell well.

But to conceive there be 'bout honours seat,  
Courtiers like this i'th story, it would whet  
The dullest Muse, and make milde patience strain  
For Satyres, being inspired by disdain  
Of such a thanklesse wretch, that hath forgot  
His comforter in prison, minding not  
Who rais'd his drooping head, and hopes descry'de  
To him, that else might there for griefe have dyde.

E 2

The

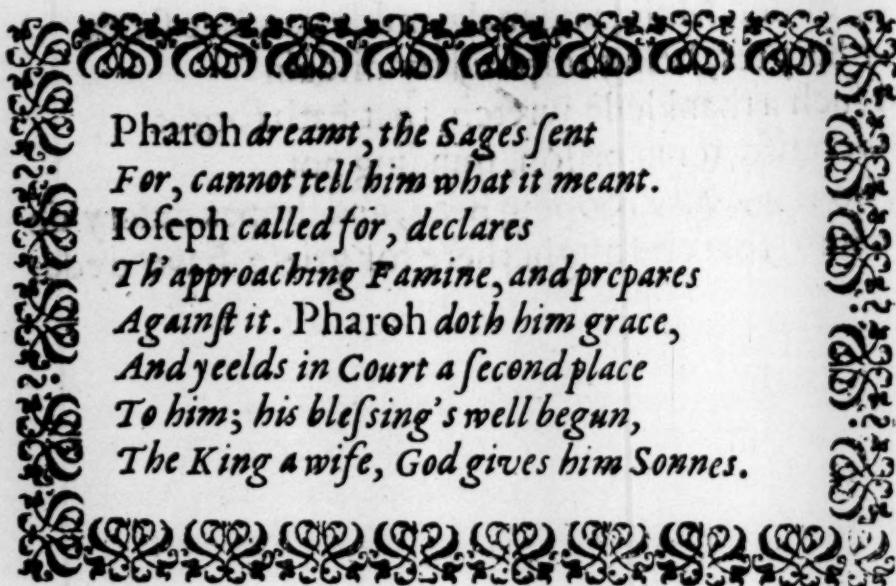


# THE COVRTIER:

O R,

The fourth Chapter of *Ioseph*.

G E N. the 41.



*Pharoh dreamt, the Sages sent  
For, cannot tell him what it meant.  
Ioseph called for, declares  
Th' approaching Famine, and prepares  
Against it. Pharoh doth him grace,  
And yeelds in Court a second place  
To him; his blessing's well begun,  
The King a wife, God gives him Sonnes.*

**P**Oore *Ioseph* still a prisoner, looks to heare  
From his enlarged friend, with patient care  
For two years space: and freedome he expects  
From him, whose life and practice are neglects.  
But now he findes his error, knowes it can  
Nothing availe him to confide in man.

Man



Man nere so mindfull, 's but a means to do  
 What God thinks fit, and gives his blessing to.  
 This the *Bethulians* knew, whose state more bad  
 Then *Ioseph's* and an Advocate they had  
 Carefull as being a party in the case,  
 Hopefull as beauty, or her pleading face.  
 Yet they no confidence, repose she,  
 They hope a happy means from God may be  
 For their deliverance: from hence they take  
 Some courage and their joint petitions make  
 That God would blesse her with successe as faire,  
 As was the undertaker. *Samsons* haire  
 Gave but small hope to *Israel* of defence,  
 When as the Spirit was departed thence.  
 What power is in dride figs to heale the fore  
 Of *Judah's* King: are *Israels* waters more  
 Healthfull then those of *Syria*, that they can,  
 By washing clean the Leper *Naaman*?  
 What vertue hath unlesse God blessing meet  
 The Prophet salt, to make the waters sweet?  
 The greatest means in misery to redresse it  
 As fruitlesse is, except our God do blesse it.  
 Men have not powre to think of what they see  
 Unlesse the Lord instruct their memory.  
 As now in his good time he brought to passe,  
 The Butler mindfull of poor *Ioseph* was.  
 Though late, when *Pharoh*, (for crowns cannot keep  
 Care from Kings heads) was troubled in his sleep.  
 Fancies disturb'd work on his restless brain  
 He dreamt, and wak't, & slept, and dreamt again,  
 Again affrighted wakes: and sends to call  
 His Sages, and Magicians, and for all

*Judeth.*

*Judg.* 16

*Isay* 38.

21.

*King.* 20

7.

That used to descant on such mistique theams  
But none can tell the meaning of his dreams.

Long had they mus'd, and heer one walk't alone  
Biting his nailes in contemplation.

There t'other scratch't his head as if he were  
Assur'd without all doubt to find it there.

One waves his hand, another stroaks his beard,  
A third sit still, and with his face uprear'd,  
Looks whence it came; and sure hee'l fetch it far  
That to a strict account calls star by star,  
The host of Heaven, inquiring the effects  
Of the close vision from their aspects

But hearsalike, that questions powr's so high  
The musique of the sphears, and their reply.

Heer one more serious plodding then the rest  
Falls fast asleep, whether his minde opprest,

With too much study were, or his intent

By his own dream to what *Pharoh's* meant,

He like the rest succeeds : their heads they joyn'd,

But still so many a head, so many a mind.

Now like the *Philistims* that undertook  
*Samsons* dark riddle, so the Sages look.

They greatly troubled are, but *Pharoh* more,

His looks are like his Butlers heretofore,

Who happily was thus by *Pharoh's* face

Made mindfull of his own and *Iosephs* case :

And whether's pity, or promise were the thing

That moved him if to please, or ease the King,

It were I know not : but he thus began

*With reverence made, This day, ô King, I can*

*Remember well my faults, Pharoh was wroth*

*With his two servants, and most justly both*

My self, and his chief Baker put in ward  
 Into the Captain's prison of the Guard.  
 Where being at once overcome with grief extream,  
 And troubled thoughts, each of us dreamt a dream,  
 I'th' self-same night our sleeps imaginations  
 According just to their interpretations.  
 We wak'd and sadly mus'd, till a young man  
 Putiphars servant, prisoner with us than  
 An Hebrew captive, unto whom we told  
 Our dreams, their hidden meanings did unfold.  
 And as unto us both he did foretell  
 According to our dreams it so befell  
 Me he restor'd unto my former place,  
 But him he hang'd, and so it came to passe.

He had not fully ended, when as one  
 Quick in obedience covets to be gone  
 Ere he knowes half his errand, *Pharoh* so  
 Would ere whether or for whom he know,  
 But now the tale is ended, when in hast,  
 He calls a messenger that comes as fast.  
 He sends him to the prison out of hand  
 And thinks the time long whilst he gave command.  
 The post upon the wings of speed doth fly,  
 And come, calls out for *Ioseph* hastily.  
 Now the delay is his, here lyes the sport,  
 Hee'l shave and shift himself ere come to Court  
 And all into a comely order bring,  
 May make him fit to stand before the King :  
 'Twas a good omen sure, a lucky signe  
 Which did his future Courtiership divine:  
 That he so much of sprucenesse then bethought him  
 When news of freedom from the King was brought  
 (him. Who



Who the mean while impatient of delay,  
 Begins to wonder at the pris'ners stay ;  
 But now's appeas'd *Ioseph* by this is there  
 And *Pharoh* bent to speak as he to heare.  
*I dreamt a dream, and here is none that can*  
*Interpret it, but I have heard, young man,*  
*Of thee as one that is well seen and wise,*  
*In knowledge of such hidden mysteries.*

To whom with a submissive bending knee,  
*Ioseph* replies, 'tis not ô King in me :  
 But God shall give to thy joyes increase,  
 By his poor servant a reply of peace.

Pleas'd with his gracefull modesty the King  
 Reviews his ingenious face as promising,  
 As to our Harvest hopes when one espies  
 The setting Sun with rednesse leave the Skies.  
 And with this answer cheer'd he now thinks long  
 To hear more comfort from so sweet a tongue,

*Pharohs  
 dream.*

*And therefore thus: When as me thought I stood,*  
*Vpon the rivers bank behold sev'n good,*  
*Fat, and wel-favor'd kine, from thence did rise,*  
*And graz'd i'th meadow, but whilst my pleas'd eyes*  
*Viewd their broad back that did with smoothnesse shine,*  
*The troubled waters sent seven other kine*  
*So poor, lean fleshed, as I never ey'd*  
*Meer bare anatomies cover'd with a hide,*  
*There's none in Egypt such, I took them sent*  
*As foyles the others goodnesse to present*  
*By their deformities, for neer till now*  
*Did I observe such beauty in a Cow*  
*As in the other seven, on whom they set*  
*And cleand devour'd, but nere the fatter yet.*

Me-

Me-thought in killing them the ugly beasts  
Look't like so many death in their arrests,  
But in devouring they resemblance have  
To the insatiate and unfruitfull grave.  
Which having seen, my labouring fancy brook,  
Sleep left my wearied eyes, and I awoke,  
But whilst my thoughts were fixt upon this theam,  
I slept again, and dreamt another dream.

And then behold there came into my view  
A sprouting stalk, wherein sev'n ears there grew  
Good, rank, and full of corn, but whilst I hung  
My eyes on that fair object, lo there sprung  
Close to those ears sev'n others, thinn'e, and pin'd,  
Wither'd, and blasted by the Eastern wind.  
And these devour'd, the swoln fruitburdned ears  
Whilst yet no change at all in them appears:  
All this have I to the Magicians told,  
But none the hidden meaning can unfold.

Pharohs  
second  
dream.

God hath to Pharoh his intents made known  
Then answer'd Ioseph, Pharoh's dream is one.  
For by the seven good kine, sev'n yeers are shewn,  
So by the sev'n good ears, the dream is one.  
And the sev'n leaner kine, and empty ears  
That came up after, are sev'n other yeers.  
The first being good, and full, betoken plenty,  
But famine's threatned in the leane, and empty.  
The thing that I have spoken to the King  
Not I, but God hath spoken, and shall bring  
Shortly to passe, sev'n yeares of plenty shall  
Crowne all your harvest hopes ev'n throughout all  
The fruitfull Land of Egypt, after then  
In vain the labour of the husband-men

Inter-  
preted.

F

Shall

Shall till the earth, whereon no corn shall stand,  
*Plenty shall be forgotten in the land.*  
 From which, as from plow'd sands, expect no crop,  
*For seven yeers famine shall consume it up,*  
*And for it doubled twice to Pharoh was,*  
*Tis stablisht, and shall shortly come to passe,*  
*God hath establisht it, let Pharoh than*  
*Throughout his territories find a man,*  
*Wise, and discreet, and let it be his care*  
*To see that officers appointed are*  
*To take the fift part up, throughout the land,*  
*And lay the corn all under Pharohs hand.*  
*And let the Cities be well stor'd with food,*  
*By the neighbouring countrey whilst the yeers are good,*  
*Since God the bad ensuing hath declar'd*  
*Let not the famine find us unprepar'd.*  
 But so let *Pharoh* gainst those barren yeers  
 Provide, that not a soul may perish heer,  
 For want: let forrain Lands the better fare  
 By us, and owe their safeties to our care.  
*Heer Ioseph ends, and lo the thing seem'd good*  
*In Pharoh's eyes, and in their eyes that stood*  
*About him, to whom thus the King began.*  
*Is there in all the Land a fitter man?*  
*To whom Gods Spirit shews such hidden things,*  
*He keeps Gods secrets, and is fit for Kings.*  
 Then turning him about to Ioseph said,  
 Since of thee God hath'bove all others made  
 His choice, these holy counsels to disclose  
 That proves thee fittest, I have therefore chose  
 Thee as the only man, discreet, and wise,  
 To do according to thine own advice.

Thou



Thou shalt be o're my house, what thou thinkst fit,  
 Shall be my peoples law, who unto it  
 Shall yeeld obedience, great as is mine own  
 Shall thy command in Egypt be, i' th' throne  
 Ile only be above, the voyce is thine  
 Of power, the eyes of Majesty be mine.  
 Now have I set thee over all my Land,  
 Witnesse this Ring, which taking from his hand  
 He put on Ioseph's finger, and array'd  
 Him in rich vestures of fine linnen made,  
 Such as the Egyptian Princes wore of old,  
 And on his neck he put a chain of gold.  
 Then in his second chariot made him ride  
 Whilst bow the knee before him, people cry'de:  
 For Ruler he, ore all the Land doth make him,  
 Which to confirme he turn'd, and thus bespake him.

'Tis I am Pharaoh; nor without thee shall  
 A man lift up his hand or foot through all  
 My Realme of Egypt, then to crown his life  
 With true content, he fits him with a wife,  
 Fair Asenath, a goodly prize alone,  
 She was Potipherahs daughter, Priest of Un.

Thus Ioseph's rais'd unto the height of powre,  
 In shorter space, then the quick springing flowre:  
 That asks but one nights growth, he that of late  
 Wayl'd in a dungeon, sits a chair of State,  
 Oh what a bounteous King found he to do it!  
 Nay, what a bounteous God that mov'd him to it!  
 Then think on Ioseph's case what ere thou be,  
 Dispaire not, art in prison: so was he,  
 Perhaps, thou'lt say, thou hast no skill in dreams,  
 No revelations, God hath other means.

Doubt not his power, nor providence, he can  
 That hath create all, sure helpe a man (poore,  
 More wayes than one: dost thou complaine th'art  
 And suffer'st want? *Iob* surely suffred more.  
 Doe crosses vex thee? or afflictions ro'd  
 Torment thy soule? have patience still in God:  
 Wayt on, pray to, trust in him, onely he  
 Can cure, and cleanse, and ease thy malady.  
 Do'st strive with strong temptations, to him then  
 God cast seven divels out of *Magdalen*?  
 Art sicke, or sinfull? pray'r a cure did winne  
 For *Hezekiah's* sore, and *David's* sinne.  
 Perchanceth'ast trusted, praid, and waited long;  
 Looke backe to *Ioseph*, he was sure but young  
 When first he tasted sorrow, vext between  
 Bondage, Lust, Prisons, and his Brethrens spleen:  
 Ev'n from his very cradle, yet he stayd,  
 He waited long with patience, long he prayd  
*Ere comfort came; for loe when he appears*  
*Before the King, his age was thirty yeers;*  
*Out of whose presence, to his charge he went,*  
*And overseers throughout Egypt sent*  
*In the seven plenteous, whilst all their grounds*  
*Brought forth by handfuls, ev'ry place abounds*  
 With goodly crops, the sight whereof began  
 To cheer the Clowne, and glad the Husbandman.  
 They ply their trust, their labours never cease  
 To treasure up the fruitfull earths increase.  
 Me thinks I see them, like the busie swarme,  
 When their commander hums, and gives th'alarme:  
 They issue forth, and their dispersed powre  
 Coasts every field, and light on ev'ry flowre,

To

To make their sweet extractions, and they strive  
 Who shall unlade him oftneſt at the hive:  
 They fill their bags, and gladly homewards flye  
 With pleaſant burdens in their painfull thigh:  
 Onely this difference makes 'twixt them and theſe,  
 The gatherers went not murmuring as the Bees.  
 But with their ſilent paces all along  
 They trudge like Ants, a people wiſe, not ſtrong,  
 Preventing want in plenty, with their paine,  
 So each of theſe came laden home with graine.  
 They glean'd apace, whilſt corn like ſads they found,  
 And ſtor'd the Cities from the neighbouring ground:  
 Th'have gathred much, the Granaries are filld  
 With all th'abundance which the land doth yeeld.  
 Egypt is now provided 'gainſt her fears,  
 Should all the world beſiege her for ſeven years;  
 Were they wal'd ſtrong enough, it were no doubt  
 But they'd by that, ſtarve the beſiegers out.

Pro. 30.  
25.

*His workenow ending, Ioleph takes his reſt,  
 And with two ſonnes, is ere the famine bleſt,  
 Two goodly ſonnes, which Aſenath the fayre,  
 Vn's Prieſt and Princes daughter to him bare:  
 The firſt he call'd Manaſſeh, for he ſaid,  
 God of my toyle hath me forgetfull made,  
 Paſt in my Fathers houſe: the ſecond he  
 Nam'd Ephraim, for God hath cauſed me  
 Here to be fruitfull, whither I was ſent,  
 As the place for my affliction meant.*

But now the time is come that muſt atone  
 The dreams with their interpretation:  
 Now Pharaoh findes that Iolephs words are true,  
 The good years gone and paſt, and bad enſue:



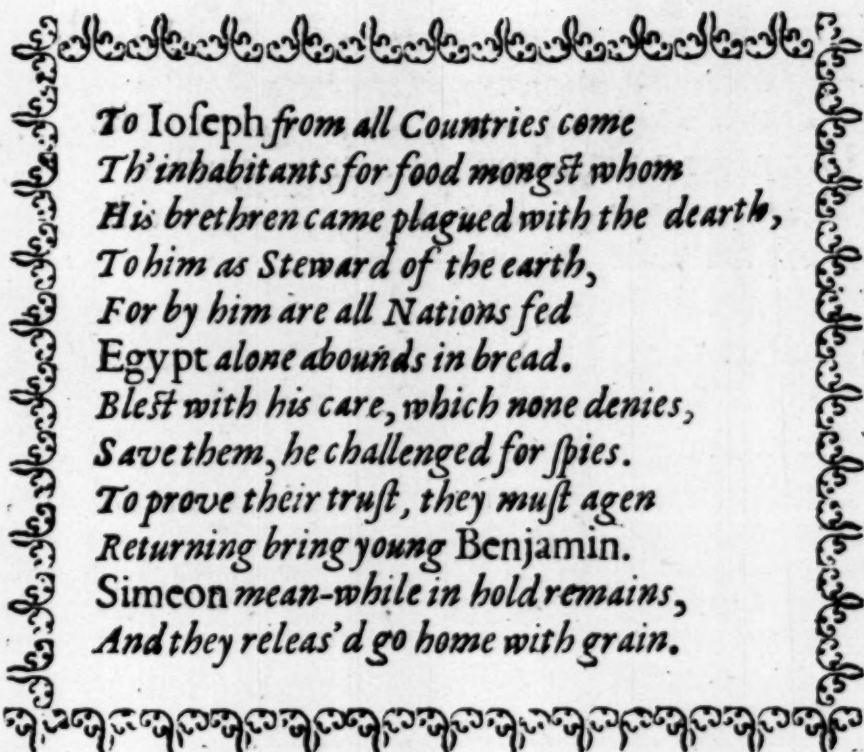
*Egypt expects, and now the time appears  
The full are swallowed by the blasted ears,  
Pin'd, famine from all lands comes flocking thither,  
And from all countries men come flocking with her.  
Egypt alone hath bread, yet some of those  
That were ill husbands, or that did repose  
No trust in Ioseph's words, by this halfe dead  
For their late unbelief, cry out for bread.  
But still to Pharoh when the people cry'de,  
They were to Ioseph sent to be supply'de.  
What he shall bid you do, to him they went,  
Who sold them corn, when all their store was spent.  
The granaries he set ope, for there was dearth  
And famine ore the face of all the earth,  
Nay, now in Egypts selfe it waxed sore,  
Till he supply'd their daily wants with more,  
It rag'd in all lands and all Countries came  
Thither for corn, and ask for Ioseph's name.*



THE  
STEWARD:

OR,  
The fifth Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 42.



*To Ioseph from all Countries come  
Th' inhabitants for food amongst whom  
His brethren came plagued with the dearth,  
To him as Steward of the earth,  
For by him are all Nations fed  
Egypt alone abounds in bread.  
Blest with his care, which none denies,  
Save them, he challenged for spies.  
To prove their trust, they must agen  
Returning bring young Benjamin.  
Simcon mean-while in hold remains,  
And they releas'd go home with grain.*

**L**ike that mysterious Book the Angel gave  
To *John*, are worldlings fond delights, they  
A smack of pleasure which affects the (have  
At first, but ends in bitter penitence. (sence

He

*Prov. 5.* The whore hath honied lips, her perfum'd breath  
*3,4,5.* Utters words smooth as oyle, but unto death

Her feet make haste, her steps to hell doe tend,  
 Sharpnesse and bitternesse are in her end.

Such in all earthly pleasures, they whose mindes  
 Swell with vaine-glory, or whom Mammon blinds,  
 The god of this world, that they thinke to be,  
 In riches onely true felicity;

*Dan. 2.* Like the forgotten dreame of *Babels* King,  
 (Which did confusion to the Sages bring)  
 A head of gold, a breast of silver, they,  
 With thighs of brasse may have, but feet of clay.  
 Their glory, riches, joyes, wherein they trust,  
 Being past away, their end shall be in dust.

The world like a fond Mother is, and smiles  
 Upon her own, whom she a time beguiles  
 With pleasures, fading like her selfe, (for she  
 That hath not, cannot give eternity  
 To them) whose first, and better dayes being past,  
 Must grieve the rest, and thinke upon their last.

God like a gracious Father, but austere;  
 First, by corrections teacheth his to feare,  
 And to be humble, which being taught them, he  
 I'th end rewardeth their humility

*Iob 1.* With choycer blessings, *Iob* he first did try,  
 By taking of his wealth, his misery  
 Increas'd by sore diseases, foule, and sense,  
 Vext to the utmost of his patience.

*Abram* from God receives a strict command  
*Gen. 22.* To sacrifice his Sonne; with his own hand  
 2. To kill his Childe, having as yet but one.

*Jacob* an heyr to his affliction,



Hath lost his best lov'd boy: Gods blessings here  
T' his children, different from the worlds appear:  
Whilst heers a little time, the world doth blesse,  
Their end is crownd with endlesse happinesse.

Nor doth the God of earth and heaven give  
Us onely future hopes, but whilst we live,  
Feeds us with daily blessings: *Iob* increas't  
In wealth; againe, is richest of the East.

*Iob 42.*

Nor doth good *Abram* like contentment lacke,  
*Isack* is with a blessing giv'n him backe:  
And *Iacob* shall, the dayes are now begun,  
Finde to the safeguard of his life, his Sonne.

*Gen. 22.*  
20.

The generall dearth that through all nations ran,  
Hath shown his lean aspect in *Canaan*;  
*And pinch'd the holy Patriarks: ten are sent*  
*Of Iosephs brethren, all their store being spent,*  
*For new supplies of corne, for it was sed,*  
*That onely Ægypt did abound in bread.*

Forwards they set, now the first motion stirres,  
And they prove *Iosephs* best Interpreters.  
The time is come, the sheaves begin to bend,  
Ten of the starres already doe descend,  
The rest must follow: *Iacob* now shall see  
His rays'd Sonne, and his sleeping prophecy:  
And he to whom so many dreames were known,  
God now declares, and brings to passe his own.  
*For loe his brethren that were come before him,*  
*Bowing their faces to the earth, adore him.*  
*He's put in minde of's vision, at first view,*  
*Though none of them knew him, yet them he knew:*  
And this gives me more wonder then their change,  
His strange remembrance, their oblivion strange.

G

It

It is not commonly the poore forgot,  
 To claime alliance from their friends grown great.  
 Nor is't the usuall way o'th world, that men  
 Of rising fortune should remember then  
 Their meane, though neereft kinne, & much the lesse  
 To be expected, comming in distresse.  
 Looke on their natures, and there sure should be  
 Between them some prompting antipathy  
 Should make them know, however high estated,  
 So great an eye-sore *Ioseph* whom they hated.  
 Who on the other side, as soone as spide them,  
 (Nor was his memory malice) he descride them.  
 He found them as he left them, but their eyes  
 Were doubtlesse dazl'd with his dignities:  
 Whilst no revenge, (therefore let none mistake him)  
 Did lo quick fighted, but his meeknesse make him:  
*He meant no harme unto them, though he spoke*  
*In a sharpe key, and with a rougher looke,*  
*Askes whence they came, when humbly one replies,*  
*From Canaan, to buy corne; he cal's them spies.*  
*Canaan upon a fruitfull soyle doth stand,*  
*Flowing with milke and honey: T'ee our land*  
*Are come to pry into, to what distresse*  
*Famine hath brought it, and what nakednesse.*  
*When trembling, with one sudden voyce they cry,*  
*Thy servants true men are. and come to buy*  
*Food for our aged Father, we were borne*  
*All one mans sonnes, and hither come for corne;*  
 Our alter'd soyle doth not afford us graine;  
 Twice hath the reaper lookt for worke in vaine.  
 Twich have the Plowmans toyle and seed inhum'd  
 Untimely frosts, unkindely heats consum'd.

Our

Our store is spent, nor have we hope to live,  
Unlesse your goodnesse do our wants relieve.

Still *Ioseph*, who but what he knew did heare,  
Chang'd not his noat, but bids observe their feare,  
Their trébling joynts, faint voyce, & down-cast eys,  
True signes of guilt, discovered them for spyces.  
They know not how to look, nor what to say:  
Their postures, ev'ry thing seem'd to betray  
Them to his jealous fury: if they muse  
Or whisper, then they'r forging an excuse;  
If they be silent, that their guilt implies;  
Their boldnesse impudence, their language lyes.  
Yet still considering that no such they were  
As he suspected them, they persevere  
More confident as in their tale begun.

*They were twelve brethren, and the youngest sonne  
Their aged Fathers fondnesse did detaine  
At home with him: the twelfth alas was slaine,  
By what mischance unknowne: they stoutly stand  
Vpon't, they came not to descry the land.*

*Their honest errand serv'd not to disguise  
So bad intents: but still I call'd you spyces,  
Answer'd the subtile Ioseph; thus you shall  
Prove my surmises vain: choose one of all  
That may goe up with a supply of graine,  
The rest with me in prison shall remaine.  
Yee shall not hence by Pharohs life I sweare,  
Vntill I see your youngest brother here.*

*This is the way to prove my doubts untrue,  
And whether there be any trust in you.  
Let one then fetch him, here your safety lyes,  
For by the life of Pharoh, else y' are spyces.*



At this with feare and trouble sore dismaid,  
 Not knowing what to say, they nothing said.  
 But as they musing on each other star'd,  
 Ioseph for three dayes put them all in ward:  
 Then calling them before him, they appeare,  
 He bids doe this and live, for loe I feare  
 God; and if as ye say, ye true men be,  
 Let of your brethren, one stay here with me;  
 The rest goe home in peace, with good supply,  
 To stave off famine from your family:  
 But see your yongest brothers presence prove  
 Your truth returning, so no hand shall move  
 Against your lives, or safeties, or withstand  
 Your peacefull traffique with us in the land

This said, when seeing no way to prevent,  
 Of sad necessity they were content.  
 Yet with their captive brother, ere they goe,  
 They take a little time to vent their woe.  
 Guilt surely hangs upon us, and our God  
 That saw our sinne, now threatneth with the rod  
 Of vengeance, timely had our grieve bin spent,  
 Ere we our harmelesse brother, hither sent.  
 We turn'd him pittilesse, and deafned eares,  
 When he in anguish of his soule, and teares,  
 Gently besought us, but alas, too late,  
 We nere repent us of our cursed hate,  
 Whence all these mischiefes their beginnings take:  
 We justly punish't are for Iosephs sake.  
 For Ægypt, ev'n the place where we him sent,  
 God hath ordained for our punishment.

Alas cries Ruben, had you bin so wise,  
 As I have given any care to my advice,

This

*This had not bin, when I with language milde,  
 Disswaded you from sinning 'gainst the childe;  
 But following then your rash and furious mood,  
 Behold th'event, God hath requir'd his blood.  
 Little thought they that Ioseph was so neare,  
 The other party to these presents there.  
 For he dealt subtly with them. and as one  
 That makes himselfe the flye companion  
 Of theeves, or traytors, or perchance would be  
 More satisfide in some home jealousie.  
 He fains long deafnesse, or it may be, can  
 Translate his tone, like some outlandish man.  
 Meane while securely they their mischiefs vent,  
 And hee's made privy to their close intent.  
 As farre deceiv'd here, Iosephs brethren were,  
 He spake no word but by Interpreter,  
 At all unto them, and much did seeme  
 A stranger to their language, as to them.  
 Now he hath halfe his plot, and well content,  
 Freely forgives them, whom he sees repent.  
 And in true token, he beginnes  
 With teares to helpe them to bewayle their sinnes.  
 He weepes, returnes, and then as if he thought  
 'Twas not enough they see and wayle their fault,  
 As doth the grave Confessor use to doe;  
 He means to put them to some pennance too.  
 For having kept them three dayes in distresse,  
 Their comp'ny he dismiss, by one made lesse.  
 For Symeon before their eyes he sent  
 Bound backe againe to close imprisonment.  
 Yet sure, this punishing of them did prove  
 The truth of his forgivenesse, and his love,*

As did his acts of love in kindnesse meant,  
 Appeare to them a kind of punishment.  
 For having given command that each mans sack  
 Be fil'd, and each mans coin restored back  
 In their sacks mouths: and likewise that they may  
 Be furnish'd with provision for their way.  
 Forwards they set though with an heavy pace  
 Clogg'd with their grief, and lamentable case.  
 Sure tedious are their steps, who cannot stir  
 But sorrow is their fellow travellour.

Sore griev'd in heart their journey they begun  
 At their first lighting is confusion.

*For Ruben, that for provender unbinds  
 His sack the money in the mouth of't finds.*

And as the clown that doth through medows passe  
 Espying some glorious colours in the grasse,  
 Stoops down to reach them, being in hope to take:  
 A goodly prize, when lo, he clasps a Snake.  
 As pale as he was *Reuben*, when he law  
 His coyn in the sacks mouth he doth withdraw  
 His trembling hand, and in as great a feare  
 As had he met the God of money there.

*See heer my coynes restor'd: cryes he, some train  
 Tis for our lives, and we shall all be slain.*

As in a field of standing corn we find  
 One end being shaken by the whisking wind,  
 Those which receive the gust, declining fall  
 Upon their neighbours, till clean thorough all  
 Quivering runs; like to those troubled ears,  
 They shaken are with one anothers fears.

Oh most unusuall fright, For were not it  
 Vought by Antiquity, and holy Writ,

Who



Who would in these our times of God ador'd  
Believe their fear : to see their gold restor'd.  
Had *Achan's* heart upon th' accurse d touch  
Of the forbidden gold, faild; half so much,  
Had his Fore-father's fears upon him fell  
T'had sav'd a family in *Israel* :  
He fear'd not punishment, but it appears  
That they, alas ! were punisht with their feares,  
'Twas all God us'd as the correction mild,  
Of a good father to a loved child.  
And twas enough for he bnt shakes the rod,  
And strait they fear, but 'twas the fear of God.  
*Alas ! what ist that God hath done they cry*  
*Vnto his servants : in this extasie,*  
*They hom return to Canaan, and their tell*  
*Vnto their father all that them befell,*  
*Saying, the man that is their Lord bespake us*  
*In a rough language, and for spies did take us.*  
*When sorely troubled we, in humble wise*  
*Answer'd, thy servants true men are, not spies,*  
*We of one aged father were begot,*  
*And were twelve brethren, whereof one is not.*  
*The youngest as the comfort of his dayes*  
*At home in Canaan with our father staves :*  
*Whereat the Lord unsatisfide replies*  
*Thus shall your trust be prov'd to me, arise,*  
*Prevent your household famine and be gone*  
*With food sufficient for you, leave bnt one*  
*Behind, but see that your return bring heer*  
*Your younger brother so shall it appear,*  
*You true men are, not spies, then Ile restore*  
*Your now detained brother, not before.*

*And*

And if to tryall of your truth you'l stand,  
 Do this and traffique with us in the Land,  
*Jacob* as yet stands mute, while they go on  
 Emptying their sacks of their provision.  
 But when their money with their corn appears  
 They start, not having yet o'recome their fears:  
 And lo this object, nothing lesse dismaid,  
 The sonnes, then now the sire, they're all affraid.

Then *Jacob* first the silence break, as one  
 That in the grief challeng'd chief portion.  
 He for his childrens losse, felt greatest smart  
 Which thus breaks forth, in agony of heart.  
*How hath your malice of my sonnes bereft me*  
*Ioseph is not, nor Simeon is not left me.*  
*Poor Benjamin you practice to betray,*  
*And with him take my souls delight away.*  
*All these things are against me, heere he staid*  
 And gave his grief some vent: when *Ruben* said  
 Tis a hard strait, we must for famine die,  
 Or bring our brethren in this jeopardie.  
*Yet let not Israel fear: let him but giue*  
*The Child into my hands, and we shall live*  
*Let me ensure his life, and if he runnes*  
*In any hazard, let it to my sonnes*  
*Be ev'n alike; his safe return again*  
*Redeems their lives, or else let both be slain.*

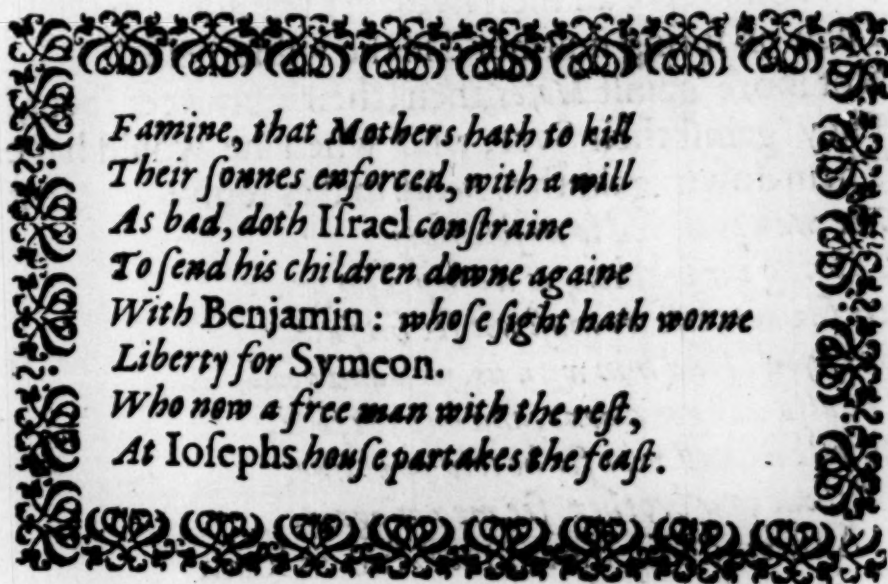
More spake he, but in vain, *Jacob* is loth  
 For his lov'd *Benjamin*, to accept them both  
 A pledge, but with a discontented frown,  
*He tels them flat, my sonne shall not go down*  
*Along with you, of Ioseph I'm bereft*  
*This, only this, is all my comfort left*  
*And sure 'twill bring (if any harm he have)*  
*My gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave.*



# THE FREEMAN:

O R,  
The sixth Chapter of *Joseph.*

G E N. the 43.



*Famine, that Mothers hath to kill  
Their sonnes enforced, with a will  
As bad, doth Israel constrain  
To send his children downe againe  
With Benjamin: whose sight hath wonne  
Liberty for Symeon.  
Who now a free man with the rest,  
At Iosephs house partakes the feast.*

**T** Was a hard choyce, *David* for his offence 2 Sam.  
Had; between famine, Warre and Pestilence. 24.  
Not better much, was this of *Jacobs* here,  
To famish, or to part with what most deare  
Was to his soule: than which, no plague could be  
Of greater torment, nor the misery

H

War



Warre brings along, not death, which as the chiefe  
Of humane terrors; so to dye for grieft,  
The worst of deaths (as doubtlesse he had done)  
His life ranne equall hazard with his sonne.

Meane while, the brethren urging his consent  
That *Benjamin* might goe, are discontent,  
Doubly to be refus'd, it did appeare  
First, in his Fathers eye, that he more deare  
Was held than they; the ancient cause that bred  
Their hate to *Ioseph*, he inherited  
As next of kinne: yet hence their ire did grow  
On better grounds, their brother might not goe,  
Though to save all their lives: in their distresse  
Their of-spring murmur'd in the wildernesse,  
Not more 'gainst *Moses*, then (their corn neer spent)  
They 'gainst their Syre, who when he would have  
Them down again: thus *Judah* makes reply: (sent  
The man protested to us solemnly,  
To bring our brother, as we hop'd for grace  
Or favour, else we must not see his face.  
So if you'l send him with us, well and good,  
We also will goe downe, and buy you food;  
Or else we will not: for he told us plaine,  
Without your brother, see me not againe.

Iudges

77.

King. 6.

A shrewd Dilemma: *Jacob* full as loath  
As the rash *Iephtah* was to keepe his oath:  
Or as *Samaritas* starv'd Wyves, griev'd in heart  
To kill their sonnes for food; was he to part  
With his lov'd *Benjamin*; oft they would draw  
Their trembling hands, relenting ere they flew  
Their harmelesse babes, and oft they fill'd the skyes  
With bitter exclamations, and lowd cries.

So *Jacobs* love ere he could send his sonne,  
 Oft chang'd his wavering resolution.  
 His tendernesse and reason are at strife,  
 He shall not goe in perill of his life,  
 The one alledgeth, t'other makes reply,  
 If he goe not, he must for famine dye.  
 Hee's now resolv'd, yet ere he let him goe,  
 He first takes liberty to vent his woe,  
 And as an angry gamester hastily,  
 Imputes ill fortune to the standers by :  
 So *Jacobs* wroth is for his losses bent  
 On them for ought he knew were innocent.  
*Why have you dealt so ill with me, in giving  
 Him knowledge you had yet a brother living ?*  
 Perhaps as desperate men at point to dye,  
 Thinke lesse their danger, when with company,  
 So you unto your fears could finde no other  
 Ease or excuse, but that you had a brother  
 Yet to pertake your sufferings, if not so,  
*What reason had you else to let him know ?*

*The man did strictly of us they replide  
 Aske of our state, and how we were allyde,  
 If w' had more brethren or a Syre alive ?  
 His jealousie made him inquisitive,  
 Whil' st in the humblest way, our fear affords  
 Him answer to the tenour of his words :  
 For how alas ! could we for truth have known  
 He would have bid us bring our brother downe ?*

*Then Judah further to his father spake,  
 And doth in feeling manner undertake  
 His brothers safety, and more boldly pleads  
 Their generall want of bread, which intercedes*

A bad, but powerfull Advocate: O shall  
 Your fonder love of one, destroy us all !  
*Let the Lad goe, that we some food may bring,*  
*To save our little ones from famishing :*  
*And if into your hands I don't resigne*  
*Him safe, his danger, and the blame be mine.*  
*Had we not through your scruple lingred here,*  
*We had return'd ere this, and quit your feare.*

'T hath been a common and approved saw  
 Throughout the world; Necessity hath no law,  
 Yet I'me assur'd no Rhetorician can  
 Plead halfe so well, for could there be in man,  
 Till this his so necessitated tryall,  
 An obstinater spirit of denyall  
 Than was in *Jacob*: who now yeelding, spake  
*To Judah thus; if it must be so, then take*  
*A Present of the best fruits of the land,*  
*And each mans money double in his hand,*  
*For that which was return'd, which haply might*  
*Have onely bin in you some oversight.*  
*And take your brother also: rise, and goe yee,*  
*And God Almighty give his mercy to yee*  
*Before the man, that ye may bring agen*  
*Your other Brother, and my Benjamin:*  
*For of my children, if I be bereav'd,*  
*I am beereav'd. Here stopt he, they receiv'd*  
 Their charge with gladnes: cheerful now they went  
 Without reply, their Father being content  
 To send their brother with them, whom they hold  
 A safeguard better, then the coyns twice told  
 They brought along their honey, nor their spice,  
 Their mirrhe, nor was their pretious Balm the price  
 Of



Of *Simons* ransome: nothing else could be  
 A witnessse 'gainst the Rulers jealousie,  
 Save *Benjamin* alone, 'gainst *Jacobs* love  
*Judah* prevayles, when *Ruben* cannot move,  
 Though better minded: as it doth appear  
 By his first proffer of a pledge so dear  
 As were his two sonnes lives, which *Jacob* takes  
 Of *Judah*, but at *Rubens* hands forfakes.  
~~Future~~ must grieve, him thus to be denide,  
 That labour'd most against the fraticide,  
 And sale, th'imputed cause of all their wo:  
 But 'tis no matter; so their brother go,  
 Whose happier tongue perswades; for him alone  
 They for their peace and freedom build upon.  
 Now they are confident, and travell fast  
 As hungry men for meat, then, midst their hast  
 They make a sudden stop: they see the Inne,  
 Where when they last return'd, they'd frighted bin,  
 In op'ning of their sacks: they doubtfull are  
 Lest to their golden bait, some dang'rous snare  
 Be fixt; and their coyn hidden in the sack  
 To pick a quarrell with them comming back.  
 When having prov'd themselves no spies to be,  
 They might be charged now with theevery.  
 Nor seems their *Benjamin*: but as one more  
 (To be a bondman) then they brought before.  
 For him doth *Judah's* heart misgive, his mind  
 Is troubled for his pledges left behind,  
 And for his fathers losse; and still their fear  
 Grows greater as to *Egypt* they draw near.  
 At last considering that no ill they meant,  
 Nor theft, nor falshood was in their intent,

As by their brothers coming is made plaine  
 And bringing double money down again.  
 Clearnesse of conscience doth a while beg in  
 To comfort them: when lo their ancient sinne  
 Is interpos'd: me thinks, I cannot see  
 Cryes one, yon Ruler, but my memory  
 Afflicted is with *Ioseph*: all his words  
 Are full of terror, and his eyes as swords  
 Ev'n pierce my soule with fear: at ev'ry sight  
 Of him I tremble: so his looks affright,  
 As had our brothers wronged ghost possesst  
 His brow, infusing vengeance in his brest.  
 The same conceit troubles them all, they could  
 Almost turn back: but hunger makes them bould,  
 So that a little ha'ing o' recome their fear,  
 Once more before the Ruler they appear.

1. Sa. 25

As the hot wroth of *David* at the sight  
 And soft perswasion o' th' fair Carmelite,  
 Melted away, when churlish *Nabal's* life  
 Was spar'd for the sweet carriage of his wife.  
 So *Ioseph's* garbe is alt' red when he sees  
 Lov'd *Benjamin*, no shape of cruelties  
 Can then usurpe his brows: he bids prepare  
 For now his brethren all invited are  
 To feast with him at noon, yet still their fear  
 Misconsters kindnesse, sure some plot is there  
 They yet suspect, and as they thought before  
 Danger ith' coyn restor'd, now dread they more  
 In this invitemēt, therefore to prevent  
 (What they much doubted by this love was meant)  
 Bondage: they to the Steward drawing neer  
 Relate their story, so in hope to clear

And

And purge themselves from guilt of all offence  
 That might the anger of his Lord incense,  
 And tending double money, they deny  
 All knowledge by what means it came to lye  
 In their sacks mouths : when he that well did know  
 His masters mind, put on a fained show  
 Of wonder and saluting them with peace,  
 Tels them their Fathers God gave that increase  
 And treasure in their sacks; then going on  
 To Ioseph's house, he brings forth Simeon  
 They all are kindly us'd, as doth appear,  
 Their feet are wash'd, their beasts have provender,  
 Two signes of welcome, yet amidst their Feasts  
 They wanted some contentment of their beasts.  
 The silly jades seeing their racks stuff with meat  
 Better then *Canaan* us'd them to, they eat  
 Dreadlesse of worse event, when lo a fear  
 Attends their masters trenchers, drawing neere  
 To *Iosephs* table, they observe the noats  
 Of the wise King, their knives are at their throats.  
 But now they find their entertainment free,  
 Their brother *Simeon* too, at liberty,  
 Their present well accepted, *Ioseph* kind,  
 Questions their welfare, satisfies his mind  
 With news of *Jacobs* health : but when he sees  
 Young *Benjamin* strange loving extasies  
 Possesse him : now with hands imposed on  
 Him cries he, God be gracious to my sonne :  
 His bowels yearn, natures strong sympathy  
 Works out his melting heart into his eye.  
 This was excesse of joy, that when he came  
 From his loath'd prison was not sure the same.

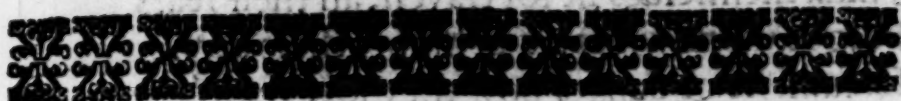
*Prov.* 23  
 2.

We



We read that then his face but once he clears,  
 Which now twice washt in water is and tears.  
 He spake them fair, whilst they as he foresaid  
 With lowly reverence, their obedience made.  
 Much kindnesse past, *Ioseph* 't would seem intends  
 For his late churlishnesse to make amends.  
*His servants he commands to set on bread,*  
*Now are three tables with all plenty spread,*  
*One for the Hebrews, one a board of state,*  
*Where Ioseph all alone in's glory sate,*  
*One for th' Egyptians, who to eat refuse*  
*As an abomination with the Iews.*  
*The brethren sate in order, to their birth,*  
*And to their youth, the place was filld with mirth,*  
*But Benjamin the best beloved guest,*  
*Had his messe seven times bigger then the rest.*

The



# THE PLEDGE:

OR,  
The seventh Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 44.

*Fraid as their off-spring when pursue,  
By Pharoh and his multitude  
When they no means of scape could find  
The Sea before, the foe behind  
The Israelites are overtane,  
Journeying homewards; theft was laine  
Vnto their charge: whilst they deny  
In thought the guilt of felony,  
But when their sacks they have unbound,  
With Benjamin the cup was found.  
They all return, and Iudah moves  
In his behalf, his fathers loves  
And life built on him, doth alledge,  
Offering himself to be his pledge.*

**T**He Feast is ended: they with joy repleat (meat)  
(Their hearts wel cheer'd with welcom & good  
I Think

Think themselves fit for travell, all their fears  
 Forget, none whispers in his brothers ears.  
 Dreadless of danger now they take their leaves  
 Lowly submissive, like the bowing sheaves.  
*And part to lade their beasts : while Ioseph's brain,*  
*Is plotting how to bring them back again.*  
*In every sack the standard must restore*  
*Again their moneyes as he did before.*

But Benjamin, as was his share i' th' feast  
 His sack few'n times more silver then the rest  
 Is charg'd with all : for there they had convey'd  
 The Rulers silver Goblet, which betray'd  
 Them to their fears a new, the difference strange  
 Twixt his exceedings is : and sad the change.  
 He at the table sitting down a guest  
 Receiv'd a seven-fold portion of the feast,  
 As of his brethrens terrour now, he bare  
 The love away then, now the sorrows are  
 In as full measure given to him : but why,  
 Youle wonder, the pretended felony  
 To him alone was laid, or why should he  
 The greatest sharer in their torment be  
 That was not guilty of their crime ? to try  
 Heer Ioseph wisely meant their amity,  
 Or if their love was greater than they bore  
 To's brother now, then to himself before;  
 How they that had him rather sold could be  
 Content with Benjamin's captivity.

Theod.,  
 9. 105.  
 in Gen.

Whether were so, or whether for the grief  
 They put him to, or for their unbelief  
 He meant this purgatory, the same pains  
 Of soul, that there are faig'd to purge the stains



Of bad mens lives afflicts them, their offence  
Gnaws them with the same worme of conscience.  
For still as oft as they have cause to fear  
Poor *Ioseph* is remembred with a tear  
And still he gives them cause, a punishment  
As great, as just revenge could ere invent,  
Is such a fear, the quintessence and chief  
Of woe, the very soule and sence of grief.  
The plagues of Hell are horreur, and mans fear  
Is a perspective through which seen appear,  
All dangers greater, death it self 'tis clear  
Brings no more tetrour with it then our fear.

Greg. ha.  
22. in  
Ezek,

Torment of mercy ! thus our maker proves  
His childrens patience, vexing whom he loves,  
As *Ioseph* did his brethren ; who the day  
Of their departure broak, now take their way  
Towards Canan with their loads : scarce had they past  
The City walls : when lo in all post hast  
Their friend the steward or takes them with a face  
Bewraying choller, bids them slack their pace.

They in obedience answer'd him, and stood  
Whilst he, why have you thus paid ill for good  
Eagerly charg'd them : ist not that (quoth he)  
The cup he drinks in, 'tis a robbery  
Most sacrilegious (not to be excus'd)  
It was the same he in divining us'd.  
Ill have yee done : alas ! what could they say  
What could they think, when he that yesterday  
Us'd them so well : should to their charge impute  
Theft now ; and make a slander his salute.

Lo heer an Embleme of man's life ! their fears  
Give way to comfort, and anon appears

*Mat. 5. 4* New cause of trembling: joy succeedeth sadnesse,  
And unto them that grieve, is promis'd gladnesse.  
Possess with wonder, now their looks descry

*1. Kings.* Them like good *Naboth*, charg'd with blasphemy.

21.

*Why, saith my Lord, these words? our God forbid,  
We ere should do this thing: the money hid*

*In our sacks mouth from Canaan we brought back:*

*How should we then, or gold, or silver take*

*By stealth from thy Lords house: so let it be*

*With whom soe're of us 'tis found, that he*

*May die the death, and we do all accord*

*To yeeld our selves as prisoners to thy Lord.*

The motion's good, right did his purpose speed

That well knew where 'twas laid, and soon agreed,

*Only the man with whom tis found shall be.*

*My servant: all the rest of you go free.*

All parties are well pleas'd, when not afraid

But full as confident of what they said,

*2. Sa. 12.* As *David* answering *Nathan*: or that wretch

That made of councell 'gainst himself did reach

*Hester 6.* His foes preferment: speedily they take

*Their sacks down to the ground, and make*

*A busie search, with th' eldest they begin*

*And end where it was found with Benjamin.*

Who blusht, though not for guilt, his face the same

Was as his brothers courted by his dame.

So look'd they all as the stones rol'd away

The five Kings hid it in cave of *Mackedah*,

Beheld the victor: shame of their disgrace.

Sits heavy on their brow, and burns their face

They plead not guilty: and as if they meant

*To shew their hearts how true they were, they rent*

*Their*

*Their cloaths to their bare breasts: but 'tis no season  
To vent their passions, now, they yeeld to reason,  
How to redeem their brother, each mans sack  
Burthens his Ass, and all to town go back.*

*By this is Iudah and his brethren come  
To Iosephs house, (for he was yet at home)  
Before him to the ground they fall, when he  
As one unkindely dealt with: why have ye  
Thus us'd me asks? or what is this y' have done  
In recompence of my affection?*

*Had you a hope you might escape me so,  
Or could you be so ign'rant not to know  
I could divine? what answer have you left?  
Or may so vilde and impudent a theft  
Finde an excuse? or have you yet the face  
To ule denyall in so plaine a case?  
Iudah replies, (my Lord) what can we say?  
What shall we speake? how may we wipe away  
This guilt? (and then as men in feare confesse  
More then they know, so they seeing no redresse  
In justifying of themselves, they yeeld  
To the apparant proofes) God hath reveald  
Th' iniquity of thy servants; we are bound  
Thy servants, we, and he with whom 'twas found.*

*Nay, God forbid, saith Ioseph, onely he  
With whom the Cup was found, is bound to me;  
With you I've nought to doe, you fears may cease,  
You to your Father may returne in peace.*

*Mercy is that whereby Gods goodnesse bends  
To humane conference; God by that extends  
Mans boldnesse to sollicit him, and so  
As Abraham, when God gracious made him know*



Gen. 8. Counsels divine, and the allotted fate  
 Of cursed *Sodome*, growes importunate.  
 In like sort *Judah* at the soft reply  
 Of milder *Ioseph*, courage takes thereby:  
 His case addes boldnesse too, for's brothers sake,  
 His Fathers, and his sonnes lives, all at stake:  
*My Lord* (saith he) and freely drawing neere,  
 Craves leave to tell his story in his care.

Prov. The wise Proverbialist compares the ire  
 Of moved Kings, to a consuming fire.  
 No lesse did *Judah* take it for, oh thou  
 That eu'n as *Pharoh* art! ah let not now  
 Thine anger burne against thy servants! we  
 When we last came were asked, have not yee  
 A Father, or a Brother? when in brieft,  
 We told the truth of all (alas the griefe!)  
 We said we had a Father, whose gray head  
 Was by a tender stripling comforted:  
 The sonne of his old age; and this alone  
 Did make him youthfull; having now but one,  
 (Endeared him the more) of his loved Mother,  
 This the sole reliēt, having lost his brother:  
 Thou badst thy servants bring him downe to thee,  
 That thou might'st see him, when (my Lord) said we,  
 He may not leave his Father, should they part,  
 It were enough to breake the old mans heart.  
 Still layd'st thou thy commands, to see thy face  
 No more, unlesse our brother were in place.  
 So to our Father we delivered plaine  
 Thy words, and when he bad us goe againe  
 To buy a little food, we let him know,  
 Without our brother, that we could not goe.

To which thy servant, the old man replied,  
 Ye know my wife bare me two sonnes, and dy'd,  
 He went out from me, but return'd no more;  
 Some beast I therefore said, in pieces tore  
 That comfort from me, if you therefore take  
 His brother too, and any harme o' retake  
 The Lad, 'twill bring (but heav'n him shield and save,)  
 My gray hayres downe with sorrow to the grave.

Those twayne his ages play-fellowes, as deare  
 And pretious to him as his eye-bals were :  
 Whereof one gone, if t'other lose it's light,  
 Then is it time to bid the world good-night.  
 And well might *Jacob* love him, whom the paine  
 And hardest labour of his youth did gaine :  
 Twice seven cold winters, twice seven summers heat,  
 With patience he endur'd, ere he could get  
 Their much lov'd Mother, and as long againe  
 It was, ere could his prayrs and teares obtaine  
 This of-spring more then all their brothers priz'd  
 For them his faith, and works were exercis'd,  
 Their purchase was not by his toyle alone,  
 They were the fruit of his devotion.  
 If we returne without him, 'twill destroy  
 Our Fathers life, that's bound up in the boy.  
 So to the grave, downe shall thy servants bring  
 Their Syre thy servants grey-head sorrowing.

Thy servant surety for the Lad became  
 Vnto my Father, mine shall be the blame  
 For ever if I bring him not againe,  
 Then let thy servant so much grace obtaine,  
 That I may for the Lad thy bondman be,  
 And he with's brethren goe, instead of me.

For

# The History of I O S E P H.

For how shall I goe up without the Lad?

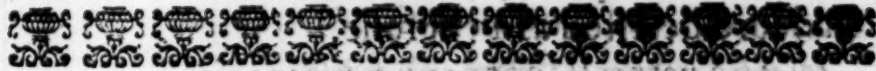
To be a witnesse, and spectator sad

There of my Fathers sufferings for my sake,

Who for the childes returne did undertake.

The



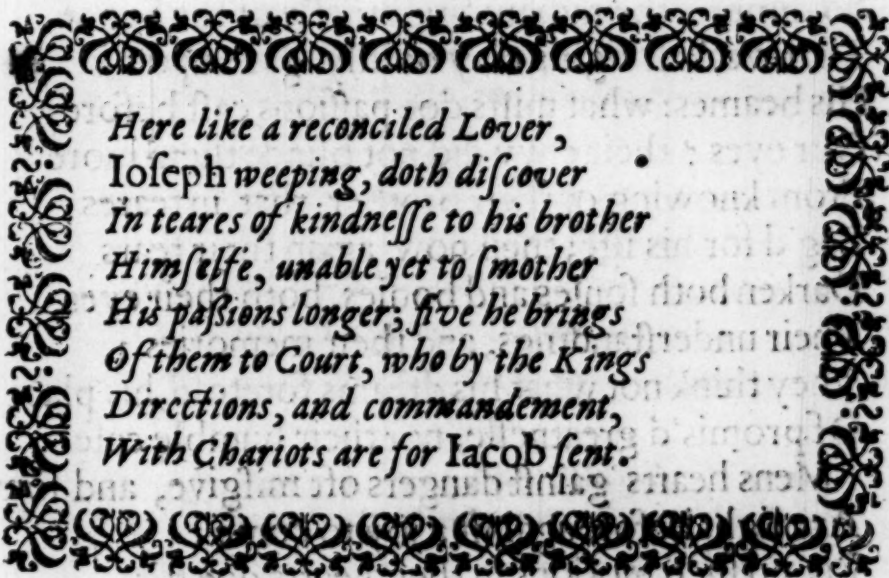


# THE DISCOVERY:

O R,

The eighth Chapter of *Joseph*.

G E N. the 45.



*Here like a reconciled Lover,  
Ioseph weeping, doth discover  
In teares of kindnesse to his brother  
Himselfe, unable yet to smother  
His passions longer; fve he brings  
Of them to Court, who by the Kings  
Directions, and commandement,  
With Chariots are for Iacob sent.*

**T**Hus long good *Ioseph* with an unmov'd care,  
The dolefull story of himselfe did heare  
His Fathers love and teares: he that denyes  
The strength of nature in her sympathies:  
Had he seen *Ioseph* here sad burthen keep,  
To his griev'd fathers groanes, or heard him weep

K

For

For love to *Benjamin*, his error he  
Had sure detested as an heresie.

*Ioseph* a naturall sonne appeares in this,  
Old *Jacobs* griefes are parents unto his.  
So like his passions, to his Syres, I finde,  
As had he with his body, got his minde.  
He cannot of his Fathers sorrowes heare,  
But as sad issue, it begets a teare.

How dull were all his brethren? not to know  
Him weeping now, as he was wont to doe:  
He look'd as when they sold him; salt drops shrowd  
The Majesty of's eyes, as when a clowd  
So dimmes the radiant brightnesse of the Sunne,  
That weakeft sights may boldly gaze upon  
His beames: what mists doe passions cast before  
Our eyes? their envy did not blinde them more  
From knowing of their brother, that in teares  
Beg'd for his life; then now again their fears  
Darken both soules and bodies, both their eyes,  
Their understandings, and their memories;  
They think not what his dreams foretold, his place  
Of promis'd greatnesse, nor their humble case.

Mens hearts gainst dangers oft misgive, and some  
Are light before against a joy to come:  
But no such motions in their hearts doe stir,  
To make them know this their deliverer.

Blinde fathers of as blinde a race! whom so  
Not all the Prophecies could make to know  
Their deare redeemer, whom they us'd with more  
Malice than did their Syres his type before.

To shew his love, Gods ever blessed Sonne  
Shed teares of griefe, and of compassion:

We never read he smild : so *Ioseph* here  
 Cannot expresse his joy, but with a teare.  
 Both passions finde one vent, both flowing ran  
 From's eyes, as if they melted had the man.  
 So strove they for precedence, and t' o' recome  
 Each other, as the twins in's Grandames wombe,  
 Which first should issue forth, he hears with griefe  
 His Fathers fears and sorrows, and believe  
 Of his decease; but now o're-joy'd agen,  
 He weeps to see his brother *Benjamin*.  
 The eye is the soules index; had you seen  
 The Brethren plotting a revenge, their spleen  
 Did in their eyes appear, and you might spy  
 The innocence of *Ioseph* in his eye,  
 As here his love: could their hard hearts have so  
 Melted as *Iosephs*, to conceive the woe  
 Of their sad Father, or their bowels yearne,  
 And nature, spite of spleen, made them discern  
 Their brother, it had sav'd their present fears,  
 Old *Iacobs* sorrows, and good *Iosephs* tears;  
 Which now as Lectures are to them; and all  
 That disobedient, or unnaturall  
 Unto their Parents, or their brethren be,  
 Instructing them in love and piety.  
 The goodnesse of his nature, is a plaine  
*Doctrinall president, he can't refraine*  
*Before the standers by, some drops must slide*  
*E're he commands convenience; none abide*  
*Now with him, but his brethren, when in tears*  
*He makes them know their Ioseph, and appears,*  
 How ever their demerits might him move  
 In his own likenesse, and a brothers love.



*He weeps alone, till all that present were  
In Pharaohs house, and all th' Egyptians heare.*

*Kings  
19.*

God comforting *Eliab*, first with flame,  
Strong tearing winds, & hideous storms, there came,  
Ere the still voyce was heard; so if I dare  
Th' immediate actions of the Lord compare  
With those he works by agents; comfort here  
Came to the brethren, as t' *Eliab* there.  
For after frownes, high words and cryes were past  
In milder tearmes he lets them know at last  
'Tis I am *Ioseph*, doth my Father live?  
When loe his brethren could no answer give,  
And can you blame them for it? should you see  
One long deceas'd, at least so thought to be,  
Appeare before you, full as much remaine  
They troubled at his presence; who again  
Calls them, come neer I pray you, and being come  
Tells them, I am your brother *Ioseph*, whom  
You into *Aegypt* sold: yet doe not grieve,  
Nor be you angry with your selves, beleeve  
By Gods decree you sold me, I was sent  
Before you to provide you nourishment,  
And to preserve your lives: but two yeers past  
Are of the famine, which as yet must last  
Five more, in which by Gods most firme decree,  
There neither earing shall, nor harvest be:  
Haste therefore to my Father, say thus said  
*Ioseph* thy sonne; God me a Lord hath made  
O're *Aegypt*, wherefore come thou downe to me,  
And tarry not, so shall thy dwelling be  
In *Goshen*, where the land is fat and good,  
And for convenience in my neighbour hood.

SH

c. A.

There

There shall thy sonnes and thy sonnes sonnes be plac'd,  
 Thy numerous flocks and heards and all thou hast.  
 There will I nourish thee, for yet remayn  
 Five years of famine; lest for want of grain,  
 Thou and thy household all the soules that be  
 Born of thy loyns should come to poverty.  
 My brothers eyes have seen, so likewise see yee  
 It is my mouth that speaks these words unto yee.  
 Yee therefore to my Father shall relate  
 The glory yee have seen, and all my state,  
 In Egypt; yee shall hasten and be gone  
 To bring my Father down unto his sonne.

To exemplifie Gods love, the holy writ  
 The love of woman doth compare to it.  
 Which love is full of fervency, so this  
 Heer Benjamin, and he embrace, and kisse,  
 And weep, and on each others necks they fall  
 He weeps again, and now he kist them all  
 Between these loves this difference may suffice  
 That love hath melting lips, this melting eyes.  
 In teares they held their conference, whilst report  
 Had noys'd the same thereof through all the Court.  
 Tis news in Pharoh's house; and lo the thing  
 Pleas'd all that heard it, for it pleas'd the King.  
 Who thus bespake him: to thy brethren say  
 Go lade your beasts, get home, and bring away  
 Your father and your households: I will give  
 The fat of Egypt to you, cat and live.  
 I have commanded you, now therefore take  
 Waggon throughout the land of Egypt, make  
 All fit for travell, now forget your home,  
 Bring father, wives, and little ones, and come.

Hasten away, regard you not your stuff,  
The good of Egypt's yours, be that enough.

So Israels children went, and Ioseph made  
Waggons, and all things fit (as Pharoh bad)  
For them to travell with, he cloah'd them in  
New change of rayment; but to Benjamin  
Three hundred pieces he of silver gave  
Besides five change of rayment, much more brave  
Then were the rest, and to his Father he  
In this wise sent : ten Asses laden be  
With the good things of Egypt, besides corn,  
And bread, and meat, by ten she-asses born  
To serve his Father by the way, and so  
He set his brethren forth; but ere they go  
He gives a peacefull caveat : bids them see  
That by the way they do not disagree.

Well might he give the charge, whom once their  
Left to his death, or to a worser fate : (hate

But that great Providence that rules each starre  
Who gave to them their influence, whose are  
All powers of Heav'n and Earth, whose firm decree  
Is Natures Law, and humane destiny.

That power him serves, did not pow'r him save,  
Poor Ioseph might have liv'd and dy'd a slave.

But now as men that truly did repent,  
Of what they'd done, they heard his words, and went  
Forth out of Egypt, and by this they gather  
Neer to the land of Canaan, to their Father.

Where as the bringers of good news they striue  
Which first shall make it known, Ioseph's alive,  
And governs Egypt; then at large they speak  
Of all his state; but Iacobs faith is weak.



As men to melancholly giv'n delight  
In sadder tales, to feed the appetite,  
Of their dull humour; so was his belief  
To all things hard, that did gainsay his grief,  
Now grown in him a habit : since he deem'd  
This his dear *Ioseph* lost; for heer it seem'd  
He thought his childrens meaning wast' abuse  
*Him with vain hopes; and fainteth at the news.*  
*But then declar'd they to him Iosephs words,*  
*And all he said unto them, this affords*  
*Some better ground for hope; but when he sees*  
*The waggons that were sent, as by degrees*  
His fainting spirit in him did revive  
So his beleef encreast, *Ioseph's alive !*  
*Ioseph's my sonne, it is enough; for I*  
*Will yet go down, and see him ere I die.*

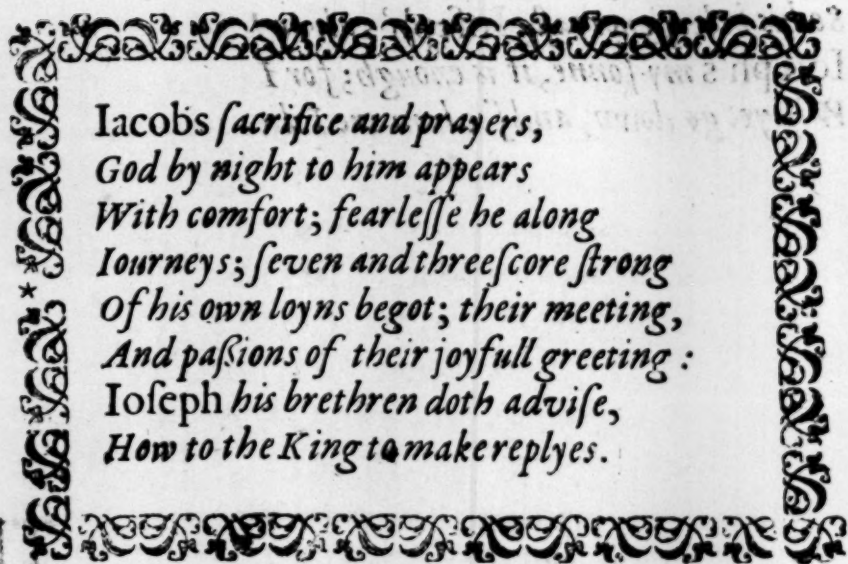
The



# THE MEETING:

OR,  
The ninth Chapter of *Joseph*.

GEN. 46.



*Jacobs sacrifice and prayers,  
God by night to him appears  
With comfort; fearlesse he along  
Journeys; seven and threescore strong  
Of his own loyns begot; their meeting,  
And passions of their joyfull greeting:  
Ioseph his brethren doth advise,  
How to the King to make replies.*

**N**OW do the tents of *Israel* abound  
With mirth and gladnes, *Ioseph* lost is found.  
So the stray'd sheep which lōg the shepheard  
Did cheer the finder; so the womans groat: (sought,  
So pleas'd our heav'nly Father is to winne  
A sonne to mercy, that was lost by sinne.

Old

Old *Jacob* heard not with a greater joy  
*Rachel* had made him father of a boy  
 Then now this news; when with a glad some heart,  
 He with his sonnes, and substance did depart  
 Towards the land of *Egypt*; heretofore,  
 He long'd not to embrace the mother more,  
 Then now to kisse her sonne: yet can no halt,  
 No strong desire hurry him on so fast,  
 But to his fathers God hee make some stay  
 He offer'd sacrifice, when in his way  
 He took *Beer sheba*; where the Lord appear'd  
 In visions of the night, and *Jacob* heard  
 His Name twice call'd upon; he makes reply  
 Vnto the holy voice, lo heer am I,

So holy *Abraham* answer'd; so should all  
 Gods servants be as ready at his call.  
 Christs sheep do his voice, and him pursue  
 And 'tis undoubtedly a signe most true  
 Of guilt, or disobedience, when wee  
 With *Adam* hide us, or with *Ionas* flee  
 When he calls on us, first at the last day  
 The just shall rise; and answer here are they.

They that expect good tydings, give good care,  
 And ready are, as *Jacob* was to hear  
 What God spake further to him; I am hee  
 Thy father serv'd, and I will make of thee  
 A mighty Nation: therefore do not fear,  
 Go down to *Egypt*, I will blesse thee there:  
 With thee will I go down, with thee remayn  
 And I will also bring thee up again.  
 I'll blesse thee whilst thou livest, and when thou dies  
*Joseph* shall put his hand upon thine eyes.

L

Heer

*Gen.* 32.

11.

*Ioh.* 10.

4.

*Gen.* 3.

19.

*Ion.* 1. 3.

*Theff.* 4.



Heer Jacob rose with comfort, when his sonnes  
 Had plac'd him with their wives and little ones  
 In Pharoh's chariots, then with all their store,  
 Their goods and cattle they from Canaan bore,  
 They left Beersheba, Jacob and his seed,  
 His sonnes, and his sonnes sonnes, and all their breed  
 A goodly progeny to Egypt came

Gen. 17. Where God made good the blessing of his \* name,  
 12. He brought down with him as the text enrowls  
 Of his own loyns begotten threescore souls  
 And six, which were in Egypt made up ten,  
 By Ioseph and his wife and children.

Had Sarah liv'd to see this fair foundation,  
 Her self the root of this so forward Nation,  
 2 Israel. She that misdoubting smil'd, would at this sight  
 So farre above her faith, have laught out-right.  
 Israel is well increas'd that went but one,  
 To Padan Aram, with his staffe alone,  
 Returns inricht with wives, and concubines;  
 Twelve hopefull sonnes begotten of his loyns  
 Children, and flocks, and heards, all that his eye  
 Could wish to see, a goodly progenie,  
 But they by this are to so many grown  
 As nature could by propagation  
 Bring forth, twelve families are made of one.

Lo heer, and see with wonder the increase,  
 Of them, whom God hath once begun to blesse,  
 Full well deserves it, Moses for a Scribe,  
 They go by families, but return by Tribes.

Yet still observe how God his word doth keep  
 And what he promis'd Ioseph in his sleep,

Payes to him waking; all the sheafs must bend  
The Sun, the Moon, and the 'lev'n stars descend  
To do him honour: they by this draw neer  
To Egypt, *Judah* is their harbinger.

*He to prepare a place doth foremost go,  
And comes to Ioseph's house whom he lets know,  
Their fathers neer approach, who at the news  
Sets forth to meet him: mark their interviews,  
They study no set speech, their love prevents  
Common salutes, and formall complements:  
But like two foes, who long at deadly feud  
With zeale of hate each others lives pursue,  
Now well appointed meet, their eager spight  
Admits no parly to delay their fight.*

Their bloody thoughts are painted in their face  
And shown with terroure in a rough embrace.  
The passions differ, would I could as well  
Find love enough to make a paralell:  
But seldome doth that better passion move  
Two friends, to such an extasie of love  
As these: so shall the joyfull bodies come  
To meet their blest souls in *Elizium*,  
Save that such perfect happinesse could ne're  
Admit the badge of sorrow; we in tears  
Expresse the height of gladnesse, as if 'twere  
To intimate, no joy is perfect here.

As in the bodies temper it hath bin  
Truly observ'd which are then most hot within  
When outwardly we freeze; ev'n so we find  
As much deceit in symptoms of the mind,  
Great sorrows seldome weep, and yet appears  
In the excesse of humane gladnesse, tears.

*Jacob* that ever since his sonne was lost  
 Had us'd his eyes to nothing else, accosts  
*Him with a wonted shewre, which from his eyes*  
*Dropt on his neck; he that did sympathize*  
 In all his father's passions can't refrain  
 But pays him with as many tears again  
 They breath their souls in sigh's, their kisses dry.  
 Their moystned cheeks; then in an extasie  
*Jacob cries out (prest with his sonnes embrace)*  
*Now let me die, since I have seen thy face*  
*And thou art yet alive: So holy Paul*  
 In heavenly contemplation, fill'd with all  
 Those joyes his faith presented him, desires  
 To be dissolv'd; his soule to Heav'n aspires  
 Or would before its time; but that kept in  
 It cannot for the fleshly walls of sin,  
 From whence he prays for freedom; *Jacob's* thought  
 From earth to heaven sure like his ladder wrought.  
 As twere made mindfull by this happinesse  
 Of what unspeakable delights do blesse  
 Good soules departed, he with *Paul* doth cry  
 Transported with his joy, now let me die.  
 Twas a good wish, he, when what most on earth  
 Might glad his soule (and make him wish new birth,  
 To live another age) befell, doth crave.  
 A peaceable departure to his grave.  
 Whence learn, no blessing may on earth be given  
 But a good man hath better hopes in heaven.  
*Ioseph* whose passions could not else be overcome  
 Turns from his Father to his brethen, whom  
 He thus bespake; I will to *Pharoh* go  
 To whom my fathers comming I will show,

*Philippi.*  
 23.

*Rom. 7.*  
 24.

*Gen. 28.*  
 12.

And



And yours is to sell him that ye shepherds are,  
 Men that have been train'd up to have the care  
 Of Flocks and Herds, which ye along have brought  
 To save from famine; if he aske you ought  
 When ye before him come, be my words made  
 The same: thus shall ye say, thy servants trade  
 Hath been 'bout cattell, from our youth till now:  
 Ours, and our Fathers; so shall he endow  
 You with the Land of Goshen, a good place  
 Free to your selves, and to your flocks to graze  
 Without disturbance; yours shall be alone  
 The land: for an abomination  
 Your trade is to th' Egyptians, so shall ye  
 Have to your selves the fruitfull Goshen free.

L3

The

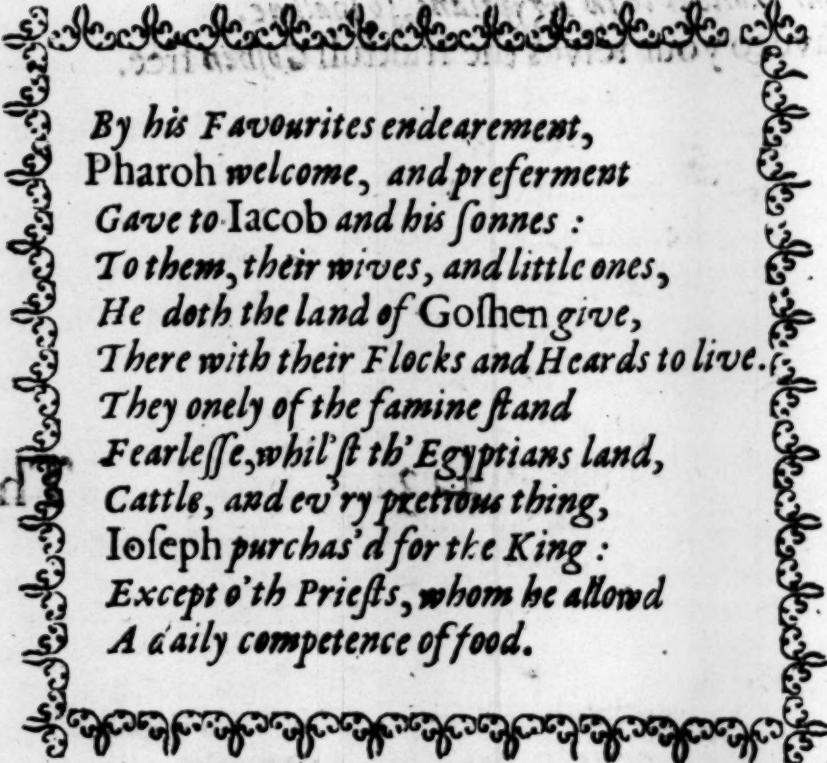
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 blood: put it to the King: blood



# THE PURCHASE:

OR,  
The tenth Chapter of Joseph.

GEN. 47.



*By his Favourites endearment,  
Pharoh welcome, and preferment  
Gave to Jacob and his sonnes :  
To them, their wives, and little ones,  
He doth the land of Goshen give,  
There with their Flocks and Heards to live.  
They onely of the famine stand  
Fearlesse, whil' st th' Egyptians land,  
Cattle, and ev'ry pretious thing,  
Ioseph purchas'd for the King :  
Except o'th Priests, whom he allow'd  
A daily competence of food.*

**I** Magine Ioseph hath by this time told  
His Fathers comming, to the King: behold

My Brethren with their flocks, and the old man  
 Our Father, are come downe from Canaan,  
 Driv'n thence by famine, late they did arrive  
 In fruitfull Goshen, here of them are five.  
 Then to the King he brought his brethren on,  
 Who questions them their occupation:  
 As Ioseph taught them, they their answer made,  
 We Shepheards are, that bin our Fathers trade.  
 Time out of minde, encourag'd by the soyle,  
 Which like to Eden Garden, without toyle,  
 Yeelded content and plenty, but distrest  
 With famine now, seems cursed, as the rest  
 Of the whole earth, for our first Parents sinne.  
 'Tis thou alone art happy, that within  
 Thy realmes, men onely of Gods mercies sing  
 Psalmes, and not Lamentations; Let O King!  
 His goodnesse teach thee pittie us, whil'st we  
 Thy servants and thy subjects crave to be.  
 We are come downe to sojourn in thy land,  
 Humbly desiring thou wilt give command,  
 We may in Goshen live. The King replyes,  
 Ioseph, thy Father is come downe, thine eyes  
 Behold the land, see where thou find'st the best,  
 There let thy Father and thy brethren rest:  
 Let them in Goshen dwell: and if there be  
 Amongst them, any whose activity  
 Surmounts their fellows, skilfull in their trade,  
 Let them be rulers o're my cattell made.  
 At first sight, good encouragement they heard,  
 Not onely being admitted, but prefer'd  
 For Iosephs sake, who now his Father brought;  
 And set him before Pharoh: so we ought

When



When God doth bleſſe us thankfull hearts to bring  
 And bleſſe again, as *Jacob* bleſt the King,  
 Who tooke good notice of him, it appears  
 By his demands, he queſtions him his years.  
 To whom thus *Jacob*, in whole ſober eye  
 Did reverence appeare, and gravity.

*The dayes and yeares of this my pilgrimage,  
 A hundred are and thirty, a ſhort age  
 Compar'd to that my Fathers lived in,  
 But few and evill, all my dayes have bin.*

He firſt was ſenſible how life began

*Gen. 6.3* To ſhorten, ſince God left to ſtrive with man:

For he the firſt of all to me appears,  
 Complaining for the fewneſſe of his yeares.  
 How ſhould we ſcan our lives, if *Jacob* doe  
 Confeſſe his dayes but ſhort and evill too?

Whom God choſe in the womb, who by his mother  
 The bleſſing gat, and birth-right from his brother,  
 Whom God ſo oft confer'd with, who did ſtand  
 On his lam'd legge, and with a claſped hand,  
 Graſpt't God himſelfe, and waſtling overcame,

*\* Iſrael.* Winning the prize, a bleſſing, and a name;  
 If he found ill in his dayes, how ſhall we  
 Liſt up eyes, moſt gracious God to thee?

Yet thou like *Pharaoh* us that ſtrangers are,  
 Nay worſe, thine enemies; doſt not onely ſpare  
 Succour, and cheriſh, but promot'ſt us high  
 To crowne and Kingdomes of eternity.

Grant then, O God, that for thy mercy, we  
 May ever more continue praying thee:

As holy *Jacob* with a loyall heart,  
 Did bleſſing *Pharaoh* till he did depart.

Out of his presence, and with Ioseph went  
 Who' cording to the Kings commandement  
 Gave him and his the best part to possesse  
 Of Egypt, ev'n the Land of Ramases.  
 Where them he plentifully stor'd and fed  
 According to their families with bread  
 Which every where was scarce; in Egypt, and  
 Canaan that milk and hony flowing land,  
 The famine rageth sore, still Pharoh blest  
 In Ioseph is : the treasury increast  
 And where but titulary Kings the throne  
 Held heretofore, Egypt is Pharohs own.  
 For yet the famine lasting and the soyle  
 Ingratefull to the painfull husbands toyle,  
 Whilst slymy Nilus could not make it bear  
 Their purses empty as their bellies were :  
 Coyn was as scarce as corn, when wanting gold  
 For food, their horses, and their herds they sold,  
 Which in one consum'd to Pharoh's hands  
 Being masters now of nothing else, their lands  
 And their poor selves they do as bondmen yeild,  
 And every man for corn doth sell his field  
 Till Egypt all was Pharohs : they forsake  
 Their Country-houses, and themselves betake  
 To dwell in Cities, save the Priests alone,  
 To whom the Kings assign'd a portion  
 They therefore sold no lands : then Ioseph gave  
 Others their ground and seed, but the fift thrave  
 To Pharoh's use reserv'd and this did bring  
 Thanks from the subject, profit to the King.

Thus the Almighty doth his servants blesse  
 Giving to all their works a good successe.

M

Ioseph's

*Ioseph's the King's right hand, the people they  
 As much in admiration of him, say,  
 'Tis thou hast sav'd our lives, now let us find  
 Grace in thy sight my Lord, so shalt thou bind,  
 Vs Pharohs servants, then a Law was made  
 By Ioseph to this day, and Pharoh had  
 The fift of all their corn except alone  
 The Priests that sold no lands, did pay him none.*

*And happy Israel who in Goshen dwelt  
 Pleas'd with their new possessions, never felt  
 The force of famine, nor the plague of want  
 Was known among them, nothing there was scant,  
 Bread for the man, and fodder for the beast,  
 Ioseph provided them ; and they increast  
 For they whom God doth blesse, shall multiply  
 In spite of famine, or the tyranny  
 O'th' worst oppressors: all the harsh commands  
 Of t'other Pharoh, nor the heavy hands  
 Of their task-masters, nor their loads laid on  
 Could let at all their propagation;  
 The hard prest Grape yeelds most, and so the fire  
 The greater load of woods it bears the higher  
 The flames ascend, as they oreburnd grow  
 Whilst Pharoh's hate doth but his weaknesse show.  
 Such care had God, then, of his Israel,*

*Mat. 16*

*18.*

*Philip. 1*

*21.*

*As of his Church, 'gainst which the gates of Hell  
 Shall not prevayle: as death is made a gain  
 To them that die in Christ, whose thought is pain,  
 To worldlings minds, so here this plague befell  
 Losse to the world, but gain to Israel.  
 Who in their giv'n possessions joy'd, and there  
 Old Iacob with his sonnes liv'd sev'nteene yeere.*



So all the days that he on earth had liven  
 By computation, seven score were and seven.  
 But when the time drew neere that he must die  
 Ioseph he call'd and underneath his thigh,  
 (So Abraham gave the oath) his hand did place  
 And said if in thy sight I have found grace,  
 Bury me not in Egypt, let me sleep  
 Amongst my Fathers bones, that who so keep  
 My name or theirs in memory may be  
 Pertakers of the self-same obsequy.  
 To this though Ioseph plighted had his troth,  
 Yet Iacob bound him further by an oath.  
 Those happy counted are in their decease,  
 Who to their fathers gather'd were in peace.  
 Israel made this appear, who did interre  
 None but good Kings in Davids sepulcher  
 So taught by Iacob, who in this being  
 Worshipt, his God, and turn'd him on his bed.

Ge. 24. 2.

M 2

The

A

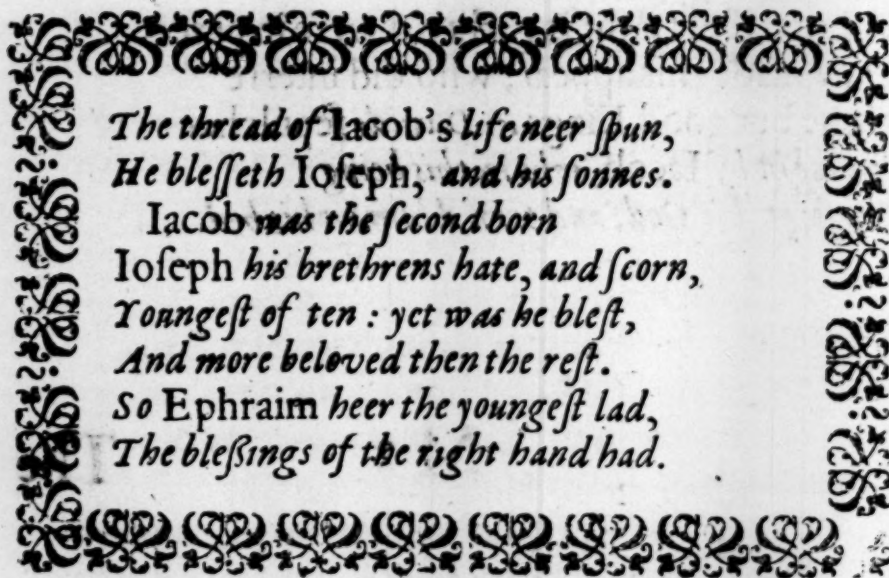


# THE BLESSING:

O R,

The eleventh Chapter of *Joseph*.

G E N. the 48.



*The thread of Jacob's life neer spun,  
He bleſſeth Ioseph, and his sonnes.*

*Jacob was the second born  
Ioseph his brethrens hate, and scorn,  
Youngeſt of ten : yet was he bleſt,  
And more beloved then the reſt.  
So Ephraim heer the youngeſt lad,  
The bleſſings of the right hand had.*

**A** Greater love thoſe bleſſings more endears  
To us, which we have purchaſed with tears.  
Hence comes it, women love thoſe children  
For whom they felt great'ſt pain: *Jacob* it coſt (moſt  
Many a zealous groan, ere he could gain  
The fruit of *Rachels* wombe, and long again

He

He wayl'd that losse with teares, as from the houre  
 Her sonne was borne, his love it selfe did showre  
 More upon his, than on his brethrens head,  
 So for his losse he many tears ha'ing shed  
 For him now found, he in an extasie,  
 As cloy'd with earthly joy, desires to dye.  
 The strength of gladnes ! were the world mine own,  
 And I not wish it, sure the blisse were none.  
 But when the powres of the minde are bent  
 Vpon one hope as 'twere the whole content  
 Of mans desire; and God shall thinke it fit  
 To grant; no joy but heav'n is like to it.  
 His wish on earth was, oh had *Ioseph* liven!  
 And that wish granted, now he wisheth heaven,  
 For which he doth prepare; his mastred flesh  
 Yeelds to his conquering soule, which now afresh  
 Assaults the breach, weakenesse and age had made  
 In his fraile body, those old wals decaid,  
 His spirit's halfe got forth, and doth foresee  
 By faith's cleere eye, heav'ns true felicity;  
 Where all the fulnesse doth of knowledge dwell,  
 With which the Patriarch inspir'd, doth tell  
 His childrens following fates, and ere he dyes,  
 Of all that must betide them, prophecies.

But i'th meane time, conceive the news is quick,  
*And one brought Ioseph word, his Fathers sicke:*  
*He therefore hastning, brings along with him*  
*His Sonnes, Manasses, and young Ephraim.*  
*Of whom, when Iacob heard, he rais'd his head,*  
*Strengthening himselfe; and sat upon his bed:*  
 Where thus to *Ioseph*, he his speech began;  
 God did to me appeare in Canaan,



*At Luz, and blest me, promising increase  
To me, and to my seed, whose fruitfulnesse  
Shall fill the land, which for an habitation,  
They shall enjoy; and grow a mighty nation.*

*As for thy sonnes which were in Ægypt thine,  
Before I came, those I doe claime for mine.  
As Ruben are, and Symeon, they shall be  
Mine owne; thine after issue, all from thee  
Shall take their names; and with their brethren share,  
Where they in their possessions settled are.*

*When I from Padan came, my Rachel dyde  
With me in Canaan by the high way side :  
'Twas short of Ephrath, there I in the way  
Of Ephrath Bethel, her bones did lay.  
But who are these said Israel? for his eyes  
Were weake and dimme with age; Ioseph replies,  
These are my sonnes, with whom God blest me here;  
Then Iacob bade, and Ioseph brought them neer  
For him to blesse them, who first with a kisse,  
Then clasping of their bodies close to his,  
Began the blessing: In that posture Paul*

*Acts 20. Rays'd Eutychus to life, who by his fall,*

*9. Was doom'd to sleepe for ever else : if there*

*2 King. In the dead Prophets bones such vertue were,*

*13. 20. To raise men from their graves, what vertue is*

*Then in a living Patriarks holy kisse :*

*Or if th' Apostles gave the spirit of grace,*

*Where they impos'd their hands, sure this embrace  
Of a good man, some blessing brings along :*

*'Tis a more full expression then the tongue.*

*Num. 22 Differing as deeds from words. Balaam must blesse  
Against his will: desiring nothing lesse.*

But

But *Jacobs* blessing, for its truth affords  
Apparant proofes, his deeds preceede his words,  
Which with Gods mercies he began. I thought  
Nere to have scene thy face, but God hath brought  
Things to my most content, and hath decreed  
I should not onely see thee, but thy seed.

Then *Ephraim* he preferd his right hand stayd  
Upon his head, the left athwart was laid  
On t'others, let none take offence to heare  
That *Jacob* blest his sonnes, and crost them there.  
Nor was't a thing of chance; but reade and see,  
*He laid his hands acrossse them, \* wittingly.*  
*Though Ioseph on his knees, presents them quite*  
*Contrary, and Manasses to the right*  
*Hand offered first. So God' mongst Iesses sonnes,*  
Chose not for face or faire proportions,  
But what he saw within: he understands  
All hearts, and sure he guided *Jacobs* hands.

*Vers. 14*

*1 Sam.*  
*16.*

Who thus proceeds in blessing them, and said,  
*The God from whom your Fathers never straid,*  
*Abram, nor Isack; God that me hath fed*  
*All my life long till now, with daily bread,*  
*And the good Angell which such care hath had,*  
*Me to redeeme from evils, blesse the lads;*  
*Be they by mine and Abrams sacred name,*  
*And Isacks cal'd the blessing of the same.*

*Revel. 7.*

As in *Iohns* vision, those that stamped were,  
And in their fronts the holy seale did beare,  
Were sav'd from ruine, so God those did blesse,  
That bore the Name of promise with increase.

*Jacob* pronounc'd the blessing well: said he,  
*May they increase on earth, and multiply:*

So

So God first blest the world, when time began,  
Using those words to new created man.

*But Ioseph not well pleas'd that Iacob laid  
His right hand on the head of Ephraim, said,  
Not so my Father, this the eldest is :  
O be the choys'est of thy blessings his!*

*Then to remove his resolute hand, he tryes,  
But the attempt is vaine. Iacob denyes :  
(His mother could not cozen him, nor get  
The blessing, with another counterfeit,)*

*I know it well my Sonne, he also shall  
A people be, said he, and great withall;  
Yet shall his yonger brother him exceed  
In greatnesse; many nations from his seed  
Shall be deriv'd: so blest he them that day,  
And said, in thee shall Israell blesse, and say  
In a Proverbiall wish; all good o'retake him,  
God like to Ephraim and Manasses, make him  
Happy and fruitfull; but in all that passes,  
Still Ephraim he prefers before Manasses.*

*The blessing giv'n; the time which then drew nigh,  
He antedating tels them, loe I dye:  
Yet feare not, for with you shall God remaine,  
And bring you to your Fathers land again.  
Yet one thing on thee more I will bestow  
Above thy brethren, which with sword and bow  
I wan, that I might adde it to thy right;  
From the possessions of the Amorite.*





THE  
P R O P H E T:

O R,

The twelfth Chapter of *Joseph.*

G E N. 49.

Iacob foresees, and antedates  
His sonnes returne, and following fates.  
Then having charg'd them to interre  
Him in his Fathers Sepulcher:  
Shilo's comming prophecies,  
Binds Ioseph with an oath, and dyes.

**N**OW Iacob hastening to his owne, relates,  
Calling his children to him, all their fates  
Which his prophetique soule had then descryde,  
Should unto them in their last dayes betide.

N

Hearken

- 2 Harken ye Sonnes of Israel, and gather  
Your selves (said he) together to your Father.
- 3 Ruben, my first borne Sonne unto my sight  
Reuben. Gives the beginning of my strength and might.  
The pow'r of dignity and excellence,  
In him should dwell, but that his foule offence
- 4 Deprives him of it, therefore shall not he  
Excell, but as th' unconstant wave shall be,  
For to his Fathers bed (an act most wilde,)  
Did he goe up, and he my Couch defild;
- 5 Symeon and Levi, brethren in offence,  
Symeon and Le- Have in their dwellings, swords of violence  
vi. Let not my soule into their secreess see,  
Nor let my honour e're united be
- 6 To their assemblies, from whose angry breath,  
Issues revenge, with ruine arm'd, and death.
- 7 Fierce was their anger, cruell was their wrath;  
Blondy, revengefull, and accursed both  
Therefore in Iacob they divided dwell,  
And I will scatter them in Israell.
- Judah. But Iudah thee thy brethren shall commend,  
8 Vnder thy hand, thine enemies necke shall bend;  
Thou shalt prevaile, and still a victor be,  
And all thy Fathers sonnes shall bow to thee.
- 9 Iudah's a Lyons whelpe, so from the prey,  
My Sonne ascends, so downe againe doth lay  
His conquering limbs, so doth th' old Lyon couch him  
To take his rest, whiles none dares rouse or touch him.
- 10 The Scepter shall not, nor the Law goe from  
Between his feet, untill that Shiloe come:  
To whom a gathering shall of people be,
- 11 Whose Foale shall to the cluster-bearing tree,

And

*And his Asses Colts be bound unto the Vine,  
Whose cloaths in blond of grapes are washt, in wine  
His garments steapt, thence shall his inflam'd sight  
Take tincture, and his teeth with milke grow white.*

12

*But Zebulun at the Sea heaven shall rest,  
To him the Pilot flies, with stormes distressed,  
And findes a haven his ships may safely ride on,  
For loe his border shall be unto Zidon.*

Zebulun

13

*Like a strong Ass is Issachar, between  
Two burdens couching downe, who having seen  
That rest was pleasant, and the land was faire,  
His tributary shoulders bow'd to bear.*

Issachar.

14

*Dan midst his people, he a Iudge shall dwell,  
And as one o'th Tribes of holy Israell.*

Dan.

16

*Dan shall be like a Serpent in the way,  
And like an Adder in the path shall lay  
Wayte to doe mischief; slyly, as they sting  
The horses heeles, till they their riders sling.*

17

*But I O Lord have ever waited on  
The happy meanes of thy salvation.*

18

*Gad by a troop shall be o'recome, but he  
Shall over them at last a victor be.*

Gad.

19

*Ashur his bread shall be o'th fat o'th field,  
And Ashurs cup shall royall dainties yeeld,  
Like to an Hinde let loose is Nepthali,  
He also shall a goodby speaker be.*

Ashur.

20

Nepthali.

21

*Ioseph's a fruitfull bough, whose branches grow  
By a Well side, topping the walles: 'twas so  
That David did the blessed man compare  
To trees that by the waters planted are.*

Ioseph.

22

*So envy shoots at vertue, some did hate him;  
The Archers sorely griev'd him, and shot at him.*

Psal. 1.

3.

23



24 But still his bow abode in strength, the armes  
Of his hands were made strong, against all harmes,  
By Iacobs mighty God; all power is his,  
From thence shepheards stone of Israell is

25 E'vn by thy Fathers God, whose help's on thee,  
And by th' Almightyes blessing, which shall be  
Still on thy head, blessings from heav'n on high,  
And blessings from the decps which lower lye.

On thee shall blessings from all places come,  
The blessings of the brest and of the wombe.  
26 The blessings of the Father hath prevaild.

'Bove those of my progenitors, and avail'd,  
More than their blessings, to the utmost bound  
O'th everlasting hils, they shall abound  
On Iosephs head, and on his crowne, that hated  
Of's brethren was, and from them separated.

Benja- Like to a ravening Wolfe, shall Benjamin  
min. I'th morning to devoure the prey, begin;

27 And when at night he ceaseth from his toyle,  
He shall take time then to divide the spoyle.

28 All these are Israells tribes, whom thou he blest,  
According to their blessings, from the least

29 Vnto the greatest: then he charg'd them all  
To give him with his Fathers buriall.

When I shall gathered to my people be,  
In Ephrons field the Hittites bury me,  
30 I'th Cave that is at Macpelah, that lyes

'Against Mamre, t'ash by Abram with a price,  
With Ephrons field the Hittites purchas'd bin,  
As a possession for to bury in.

31 His sacred bones, with Sarahs were laid there,  
There Isack and Rebeckah buried were.

There

There I my Leah laid, and there would I  
 In the same cave with those lov'd ashes lie.  
 That as one flesh and bloud we living were,  
 In like alliance in the Sepulcher  
 We might consume united thus in death  
 The field and cave was bought o'th sonnes of Heth.  
 This having said, thus ending his commands  
 Unto his sonnes, then he withdrew his hands  
 And feet, yeilding his ghost up into bed,  
 And was unto his Fathers gathered.

32

The

**N** 3

And in a blessing spake his last breath  
 And gave good commission for his sonnes  
 For he no longer ended but to Heaven  
 His soul was carried: and that the last  
 Verse of his psalme here on earth which pass

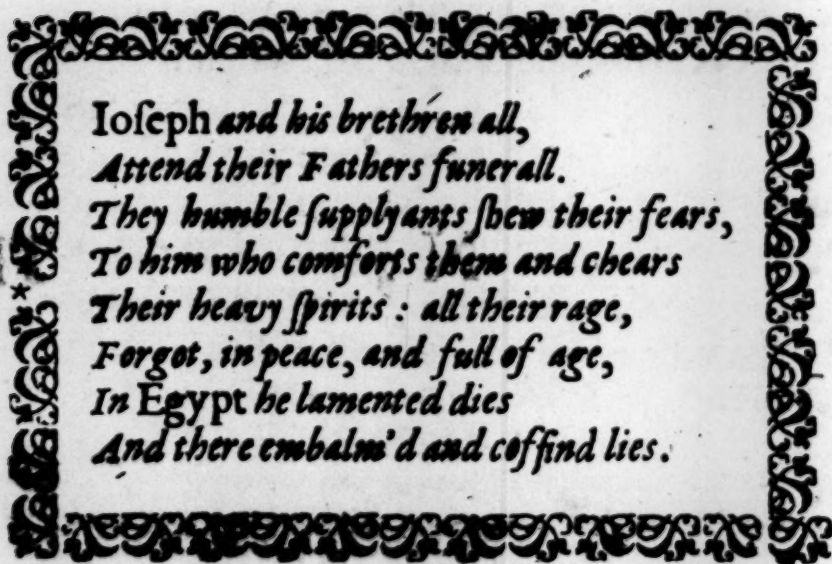


# THE FUNERALL:

OR,

The thirteenth Chapter of Ioseph.

GEN. 50.



Ioseph and his brethren all,  
Attend their Fathers funerall.  
They humble supplyants shew their fears,  
To him who comforts them and chears  
Their heavy spirits : all their rage,  
Forgot, in peace, and full of age,  
In Egypt he lamented dies  
And there embalm'd and coffin'd lies.

**I**acob, his Fathers imitates in death  
And in a blessing spent his latest breath ;  
Sure good cōmission for 't from God was given,  
For he no sooner ended but to Heaven  
His soule was carried; as if that the last  
Were of his businesse here on earth, which past

He



He leaves it : having then no more to do,  
 And on his journey forwards sets, when lo  
 As the *Ephesians* loath to part with *Paul*,  
 To the ship sides with grief they brought him all ; *Acts 20.*  
 So *Jacob's* sonnes their spirits overcome,  
 With sorrow; left a while their earthly home  
 And as men struck with the same fate; they lay  
 As dead as he; they were brought on his way  
 Their fathers soul towards heav'n, for long'twas e're  
*Ioseph* recovered strength to shed a tear,  
 Lumpish as lead: i'th' fire which melted powres  
 And flows about, he lay, but now he shows  
 His dead trance broken, on his Fathers face  
 A flood of tears, then with a sad embrace  
 He escapes his grief, such streams of sorrows fall  
 As if his moisture were dissolved all  
 Into his eyes : then with a pious kisse  
 Strives to supply the breathlesse trunk with his  
 Which he in fighting vents : but seeing his breath  
 Vain as his wishes to recall from death;  
 To the Physicians he converts it, whom  
 (To fit the body for a forreign tomb)  
 He gives command that they embalm it well  
 So they perform'd their charge, on *Israell*  
 Then after forty dayes were fully past,  
 So long the dayes of men embalmed last.  
 The lamentation for him sure was sore  
 Th' Egyptians they bewayle him seventy more.  
 But when the times of mourning ended were  
 And Ceremoniall rites, he drawing nere  
 To *Pharohs* house, requests if I have found  
 Grace in your sight's, thus tell him, *Ioseph's* bound,  
 There

*To's father by an oath, he may be laid  
 In his sepulcher, he for himselfe had made  
 In Canaan. Let me therefore go I pray  
 According to my vow, that I may lay  
 My father in his grave: I shall remayn,  
 But few dayes absent, ere I come again.  
 Pharaoh that never any suit deny'de,  
 His Favourite Ioseph moved for, thus replyde:  
 Go up in peace thou hast free leave, and there  
 Bury thy father, as he made thee sweare.  
 So Ioseph with the servants of the King,  
 Went with his fathers coarſe; with tears they bring  
 Him to his grave, the Elders of the Land,  
 And of the Court, his house, his brethren, and  
 His fathers house; behind they left alone  
 Their sheep, their cattell, and their little ones.*

As from some Town, fire, or the hand of fate,  
 Hath clean demolish't and made desolate,  
 The grieved Citizens march to forsake,  
 Her ruin'd walls, such lamentations make  
 The sad Egyptians, and their tears let fall  
 As had old Iacob father been to all.  
 Fierce is the battle when the dreadfull sound  
 Of groans and shrieks of men departing, drown'd  
 The Drum and Trumpet, such the wofull voice  
 Of the sad mourners, overcame the noise  
 Of all the Chariot wheels, the trampling steeds,  
 Though they were many, such sound proceeds,  
 From their high spokē griefs, men scarce could hear,  
 Tears fill'd their eyes, their cryes fill'd ev'ry ear.  
 Their cryes were strong and lowd enought t'have gi-  
 A summons back from any place, but heaven, (ven  
 Or

Or the deep pit of Hell, where shrieks and howles,  
 Are lowder of the there tormented soules.  
 In *Goren Arad*, deafnesse strikes their ears.  
 Wonder their eyes, to see salt showres of tears  
 Adde streams to *Iordan*, which seven days ore flow'd  
 With *Ioseph's* mourning, whilst he there abroad.  
 The *Cananites* and dwellers round about  
 Take pitious notice of it, such a shout  
 Of sorrow, nere was heard there, therefore they  
 Thence nam'd it *Abel Misraim*, to this day.

So the performance answer'd his command,  
 His sonnes have carried him into the land  
 Of *Canaan*, and there laid him in the Vault  
 Of *Machpelah*, which with the field was bought  
 By *Abraham*, of the *Hittite*, *Ephron* all  
 Intended for a place of buriall.

And now a new, having hallowed the Cave  
 Adding the sacred body to the grave,  
 Of his fore fathers, they tow'rds *Egypt* hye,  
*Ioseph*, his brethren, and his company.

One mischief seldome comes alone; the losse  
 Of *Iacob* to his sonnes, hath yet a crosse  
 Adds terour to their grief should *Ioseph* be  
 Mindfull of their old grudge, and misery  
 He had sustain'd, and now the mourning days  
 For their dead Father ended, he might rayse  
 His spirit to revenge, but that fears done  
 They find him *Israels* not rough *Esau's* sonne.  
 For when they joyntly had advis'd and sent,  
 To *Ioseph* an attoning complement,  
 In *Iacobs* honour'd name, this do we say  
 By his commandment now forgive I pray,



*The trespasses of thy brethren, and their sinne  
 Wherby thou hast so ill rewarded bin.  
 The servants of thy Fathers God we are  
 Forgive our trespasses then we pray thee, spare  
 Further entreaties answer'd he, in tears  
 Seeking to drown or wash away their fears.  
 When altogether they thus speaking kneel'd  
 We are thy servants, use us thou wilt,  
 To whom thus Ioseph, fear not (makes reply)  
 Not so, w' are all Gods servants, am not I  
 Vnder him too, and when yee sought my blood  
 Did not he then convert it all to good?  
 That he as 'tis this day might it contrive,  
 And I much people might preserve alive,  
 Fear nothing then, these words his tears assures  
 I will a comfort be to you, and yours,*

And so prevail'd these speeches that they gate  
 His love now firmer then their former hate,  
 How blest a sight when brethren thus agree?  
 A happy change ends Iosephs Comedy.  
 This makes a peacefull exit, true content  
 Crowns their remayning days, in Egypt spent.  
 No more tormented now with griefs or fears,  
 Till Ioseph having liv'd an hundred years  
 And ten, perceiv'ing that the time drew nigh,  
 Calling his brethren, told them he must die,  
 His sonnes were present, Ephraims seed he sees  
 Vnto the third descent, and on the knees  
 Manasses grandchild holds, a joy to blesse  
 A Patriarch party to Gods promises.  
 He kept Gods secrets living, now he dyes  
 Which leave make some known the prophecies.

God

*God will his breshren visit, and recall  
Them from this place, to that land wherewithall,  
To Abraham and to Isack heretofore,  
And Iacob he to blesse their of-spring swore.*

*This said, he ministred his Fathers oath  
Vnto his children, and gave charge to both,  
He might be buried by his Fathers side,  
An hundred then and ten yeers old he dy'de.*

So much bewail'd, that my unskilfull pen,  
Might by their griefes inspir'd, force tears from men  
Of this last age, whose flinty hearts deny,  
Should all the world, themselves excepted dye,  
To weep: unlesse for want of company. (spent,  
Should they but witnesse here, what showrs were  
Rivers of melted sorrowes to lament (raine,  
This Hearse; as when black clouds threat drops of  
Strong sympathy from stony wals doth draigne  
Distilling moysture, all those weeping eyes  
Would force from their hard hearts like pittie rise,  
Should they but heare their waylings as they went  
To *Canaan* with his bones; but what was meant  
Here for a Comicke story, lest that I  
By this relation, make a tragedy.  
*Embalm'd in Egypt, I shall let him rest,  
Fitted with costly odour, for his Chest.*

O 2

F I N I S.